



CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1954.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Danger Sign

THIS voting in the Schleswig-Holstein state election earlier this week must have come as an unpleasant shock to Dr Adenauer. His Christian Democratic party lost every one seat but the Social Democrats won five. The result of the vote will mean no change in the C.D.U. strength in the Bundestag or lower house of the Federal Parliament at Bonn but it can mean a reduction in the party's strength in the upper house. And if this swing towards the Social Democrats continues in other state elections later this year it could deprive Dr Adenauer of his two-thirds majority in the upper house which he needs to carry through any controversial legislation (such as the rearmament plan). The Schleswig-Holstein vote serves to emphasize the growing apprehension in Germany of any plan—such as rearmament and union with other West European powers—likely to make the division of the Eastern and Western sectors permanent. Sovereignty and rearmament mean much to the Germans who are naturally anxious to resume their position as one of the leading nations of Western Europe. But many place union of the East and West zones before this. In Schleswig-Holstein, almost a third of the residents have been expelled from East Prussia and other parts of eastern Europe. They are probably less concerned with integrating West Germany in a European alliance than with regaining their old homes and securing freedom for those they left behind in the Communist territories. But it would be wrong to conclude that the refugees and the Social Democrats are the only protagonists of a "union first" policy. The recent defeat of E.D.A. in the French Assembly and the consequent delay of granting sovereignty to Germany must have counted heavily against the Christian Democrats in Schleswig-Holstein especially as Herr Ollenhauer based the whole campaign of the Social Democrats on the "complete failure" of the Government's foreign policy. Any further delays in granting sovereignty could therefore make the position very difficult for Dr Adenauer.

Janet Jagan Gets New Sentence

Georgetown, Sept. 17. Mrs Janet Jagan, secretary of the left-wing People's Progressive Party in British Guiana, was today ordered to pay a fine of \$150 or serve three months in prison on a charge of being found in possession of "Soviet News", a publication banned from entry into the colony.

Mrs Jagan told the magistrate she had no intention of paying the fine in keeping with party policy and was taken back to prison where she is already serving a three-month sentence on another charge.

The defence submitted that Mrs Jagan was a housewife and the police had failed to establish her connection with the Party as secretary.

The magistrate ruled that where a defendant was present at a search and illegal articles were found on the premises, a prima facie case of possession had been proved.

The police withdrew two other charges of unlawful possession of the "Soviet News" and the "World Trade Union Movement".

Mrs Jagan gave the three-fingered Party sign as she left to go back to prison.

Her husband, Dr Cheddi Jagan, was released from prison a few days ago after serving a six-month sentence of violating an order restricting his movement to Georgetown.—Reuter.

Pope Slightly Better

Castel Gandolfo, Sept. 17. The Pope, who was reported last night to be feeling the effects of his recent illness today gave a series of audiences without showing signs of unusual fatigue.

FREQUENTLY. The conference will be a preliminary to a full Ministerial session of the North Atlantic Treaty Council called for mid-October.

There is general agreement between all the nations concerned that the Brussels Treaty—formed in part originally as a protection against Germany—now offers the best method for containing an armed Germany within a European grouping.

But there are wide differences of view between Britain and France on the new shape the treaty organisation should take.

This will be thrashed out at the nine-power conference.

Officials declined to say after today's talks what is the American attitude to those differences of approach.

MOST USEFUL

Mr Dulles refused any comment on the meeting as he waited to board his plane at London airport. Mr Eden, who saw him off, said: "I am sure the conversation have been most useful."

Major topics in today's meetings was how to free West Germany from nine years of Allied occupation.

Mr Eden and Mr Dulles, who yesterday had talks in Bonn with the West German Chan-

DULLES BACKS BRITISH PLAN

Statesmen "Highly Satisfied"

After Talks

Germany To Be Rearmed Under NATO

London, Sept. 17.

The American Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, left for Washington tonight after endorsing in broad outline Britain's new plan to salvage Western defence from the wreckage of the European Army scheme.

Britain has proposed West Germany be rearmed within the Atlantic pact and the Brussels Treaty Organisation.

Mr Dulles talked for nearly six hours today with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr Anthony Eden, and a Foreign Office spokesman announced that the British and American statesmen were "highly satisfied" with the result of their meeting.

The short official statement issued after the talks made no reference to Mr Dulles's backing of the specific British plan disclosed in well informed quarters—but said he "favoured" the British Government's call for a nine-nation conference to consider how to bring Germany into Western defence.

The statement said: "Mr Dulles and Mr Eden exchanged views in London on September 17 in the light of their recent journeys on the situation caused by the French Assembly's rejection of EDC."

"They agreed upon the need for speedy action and favoured the early convening of a preparatory conference to consider how best to associate the German Federal Republic with the Western nations on a basis of full equality."

Mr Dulles's support sets the seal on the meeting, which has already been backed by Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. It will take place in London in about 10 days' time, though formal invitations have yet to be issued.

PRELIMINARY

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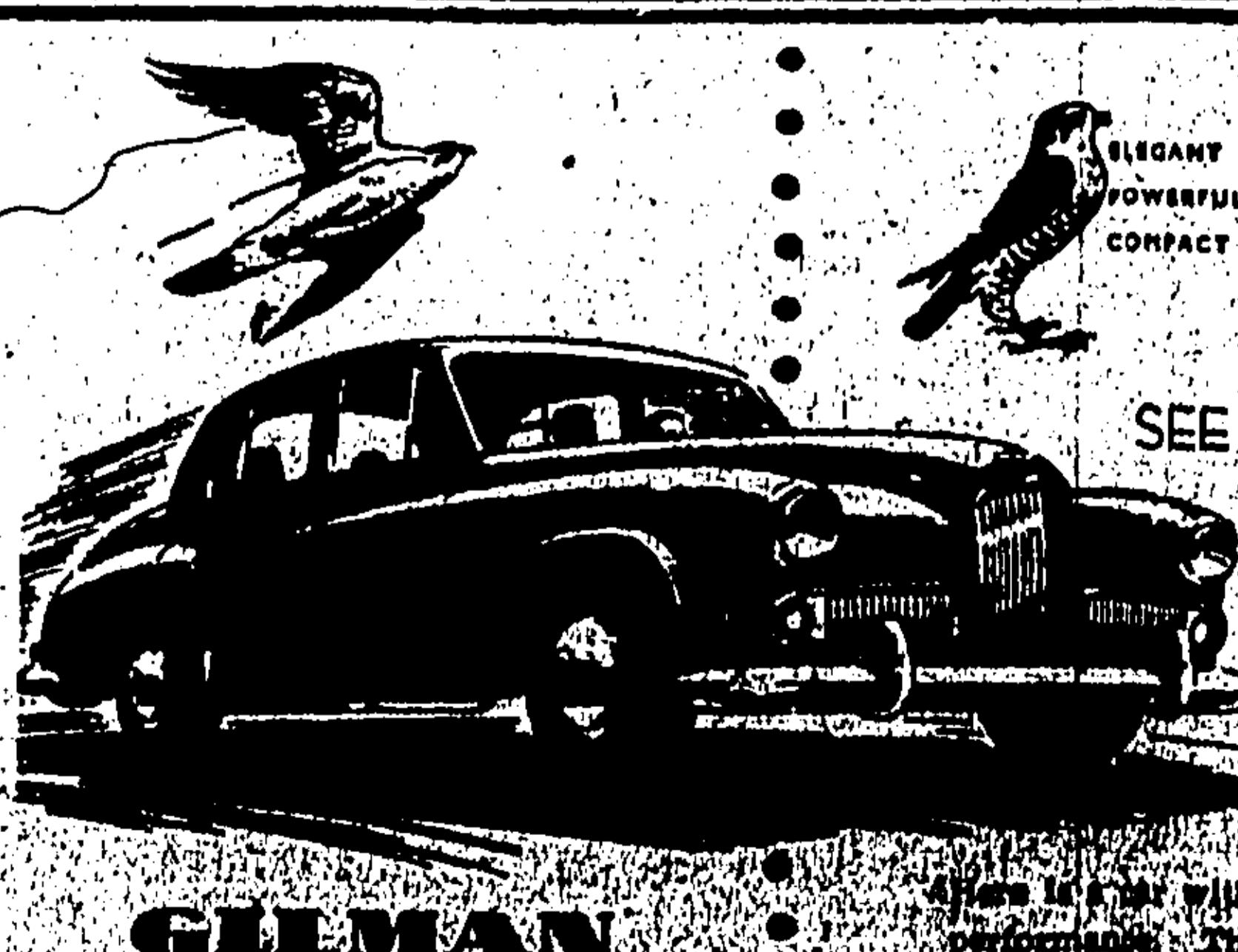
More U.S.N. Ships For Pacific

Norfolk, Virginia, Sept. 17. United States Atlantic Fleet Headquarters said today that 10 ships of the Atlantic fleet amphibious force, all based in Norfolk, would be transferred to the west coast for duty with the Pacific Fleet at the beginning of 1955.

Transfer of these ships to the West coast brings to 27 the number being transferred from the Atlantic Fleet to the Pacific Fleet in coming months.

Earlier this week it was announced that the carrier Midway, eight ships of Destroyer Squadron 28 based here and Destroyer Squadron 18 based in Newport, Rhode Island, would be transferred to the West coast.

The transfer of these ships was being effected, a Navy spokesman said, to ease the rotational schedule of Pacific Fleet units to and from the Western Pacific and permit personnel longer periods in home ports.—Reuter.



ROGER & GALLET

PARISIENNE PARIS

PARIS

GREENAN MOTORS

108 MATHIAS ROAD, KOWLOON

TELEPHONE 8444

Frankie Laine Fans Cheer Dulles

London, Sept. 17. Scores of teenage girls, laughing and shouting, gave Mr John Foster Dulles a cheerful and unexpected send-off from London airport tonight.

The girls—seven coaches loads of them—were waiting to welcome the American singer Frankie Laine, who was flying in from Paris.

They cheered and waved their placards announcing "Frankie I love you" when Mr Dulles and Mrs Eden arrived at the airport.

Mr Dulles laughed heartily at their greeting as he stepped from his car. Then he turned to one of his party and said: "See what fans I have."—Reuter.

Kidnapping Sequel

Judge To Decide On Baby's Home

Paris, Sept. 17. A Paris judge today decided to make an inspection of Jimmy Goldsmith's luxurious Paris West-End flat before ruling on a custody claim by her grandmother for four-month-old Isabel Goldsmith.

The sergeant, also a member of the patrol, reported the incident but said he was some distance from the two and could not see clearly what happened because of restricted visibility.

The Czech guards had taken the two soldiers by surprise from behind.

The sergeant alerted another United States patrol, which combed the area but found no trace of the missing men, the army said.—Reuter.

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WEATHER

Clears Up For Big Fight

New York, Sept. 17. Rocky Marciano scaled 13 stone 5 lbs against his 13 stone 4½ lbs on Wednesday.

Charles was the same as on Wednesday—13 stone 10½ lbs.

Weather forecast for the bout, now due to start at 11 p.m. local time, (0300 GMT) about (Noon HK time), after having been rained off on Wednesday and Thursday, continued to be favourable.

Marciano weighed half a pound less than when he beat Charles on points in June. On that occasion, Charles scaled 13 stone 3½ lbs.

Charles's weight today was his heaviest for any fight. He twice before weighed 13 stone, 9½ lbs and lost both times to Jersey Joe Walcott and Nino Valdes.

Mr Harry Merle, Director of the International Boxing Club, the promoters, said that about \$25,000 had been returned to ticket holders unable to attend tonight's bout.—Reuter.

TROOPS LEAVE KOREA

London, Sept. 17. According to a New China News Agency report tonight about 5,400 Chinese "volunteers" were withdrawn from Korea on Thursday under the Korean armistice agreement.

The withdrawal was made through Sinuiju, one of the ports of entry, the agency added.

It was announced in Peking on September 5 that seven divisions of Chinese troops would leave Korea in September and October.

The departing troops and their weapons and ammunition were inspected by the neutral nations' inspection team stationed at Sinuiju.—Reuter.

PLANE PLEASE

PLAIN PLYMOUTH PLEASE

London, Sept. 17. Two planes

Border 'Incident' In Germany

CZECH GUARDS SEIZE TWO U.S. SERVICEMEN

Heidelberg, Sept. 17.

An American lieutenant and a private were arrested and detained by Czech border guards today, German police reported.

They said the Czechs told them the two Americans were seized on Czech territory and had been taken to town of Palenec.

The matter would be settled on a "Ministerial level," they quoted the guards as saying.

American authorities admit the men were both in the Seventh Army but declined to disclose their names.

The Army and both soldiers were well inside German territory when seized near Palenec, on the Czech-Bavarian border.

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New York, Sept. 17. Strong forces patrolled the streets of Saigon tonight and set up road blocks following an hour-long street battle outside the station last night, in which two men were killed and four wounded.

Police stated today that two grenades were thrown and Tommy guns used in the fight which was eventually broken up when several hundred police were rushed to the scene.

They detained several suspects in a dance hall and in a Chinese theatre.

The police source said the battle began when national army troops tried to force their way into a theatre when accompanied by members of a private army who assist in patrolling the streets here.

Both police and army agreed that the fighting had no connection with the quarrel between the Vietnamese Premier, Mr Ngo Dinh Diem, and the army chief of staff, General Nguyen Van Hinh.—Reuter.

PLANE PLEASE

PLAIN PLYMOUTH PLEASE

London, Sept. 17. Two planes

from Hong Kong Typeewriter Exchange

9 D'Aguilar St., Tel. 21433.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 4: Fred Jarvis, President of the British National Union of Students writes his impressions of Russian youth today and tells you about the "Khirya", the Russian equivalent of England's "Teddy Boys". Lady Pakeman and Drusilla Beyfus discuss the sort of wife that does not help her husband.

P. 6: Edgar Lustgarten has written No. 4 in his series of dramatisations of famous trials: "Scribbler", who is writing a series of articles on the analysis of handwriting, deals this week with rounded and angular writing and flourishes.

P. 7: George Whiting continues the popular series on "Who Are The Stars Of The Ring Today?" And Tom Eytan, Obina Mail feature writer, has written about "The Golf Cup With A Curse On It".

P. 8: John Deane Potter takes you into the casinos of the French Riviera where you will meet more of the "The Big Spenders".

P. 13: Our light, bright and breezy columnists, Les Armour and William Hickey give you their weekly parade of home-side events.

Following Shooting Strong Patrols In Saigon

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PLANE PLEASE

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

At 2.30, 5.15, At 2.30, 5.30, At 2.30, 5.30,
7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY
2nd BIG WEEK!



KING'S
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
M-G-M presents in TECHNICOLOR
"LITTLE WOMEN"
Starring Elisabeth Taylor, June Allyson & Janet Leigh
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS
EXTRA MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Presented by Warner Bros.
At Reduced Prices
At 12.20 p.m. Jubilee Pictures present
A Super Indian Production
"DAK - BABU"
Starring Nadira, Talat Mahmud, Kuldeep Kaur, Yashodhra Katju, Radha Kishan
With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

SUNDAY
SPECIAL MATINEE
AT 12.30 P.M.
EMPIRE
JAMES MASON
In
"THE DESERT FOX"
A FABULOUS ADVENTURE . . . A TRUE STORY!
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

CECIL B. DeMILLE
is universally recognized as a producer
of only big pictures and his
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
is still the GREATEST CIRCUS EPIC!
Coming Shortly to KING'S • PRINCESS • EMPIRE

RITZ
"Air Conditioned"
PRIMITIVE LOVE! SAVAGE THRILLIS!
Lost Treasures of the Amazon
FERNANDO LAMAS RHONDA FLEMING BRIAN KEITH
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
SHOWING TO-DAY
NEXT CHANGE

FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

In "Rose Marie", the CAPITOL and LIBERTY seem to have a winner — it'll be running over into next week, and after that they'll have "Aan".

"Knock On Wood" will also go on over the weekend and there's a possibility after that of "Flame Of Calcutta" being shown at the KING'S and PRINCESS while the EMPIRE takes "Come Back Little Sheba". The three combine again next weekend with "It Should Happen To You". Again there's a stayer at the ROXY and BROADWAY in "Demetrius And The Gladiators" — it's expected to go on for another week and the next change hasn't yet been announced.

"Ring Of Fear" continues at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA until next week and for those of you who missed "Hamlet" for the second time there's good news. It'll probably be returning to give you your third chance in the middle of next week. Another excellent old timer takes over then — "King's Row".

"The Moon Is Blue" is the HOOVER's film, to be followed by "Sabre Jet" and "Scarlet Spear".

The LEE and GREAT WORLD are the only two theatres to be showing a French picture after the spate of Continental films we've had recently — its "Par Ordre du Tsar or "Stronger Than Love" and then they'll show a Mickey Spillane thriller "I, The Jury".

"Aan" was made in India and is the first full length colour picture to be produced there.

"The Flame Of Calcutta" is Denise Darcel complete with French accent and flowing red garments. I found the plot a little confusing — it had something to do with Calcutta, obviously, from the title. But to my uninitiated eyes the aforementioned flowing red garments denoted by Denise whenever she wanted to disguise herself as the avenging fighter of wrongs were distinctly Arabic in design. A small point and one not really important, I suppose, in a film not meant to be taken too seriously.

Apparently Denise's father — French consul in Calcutta — and another would-be "fighter of wrongs" had fallen foul of the local ruler and been assassinated for his meddling. A slight misuse of the hospitality of a country in which he was a guest, I thought.

Anyway, after his death, daughter Denise decides to carry on the good work. Not as herself though. Being a woman, she of course has to add the right touch of mystery to her philanthropic activities. And besides, she probably always thought she'd look rather fetching in a red cloak and — "burnous" I think it's called.

The East India Company and its rather shaky relations with the Prince of Calcutta come into the story too — also Clive of India pops on to the screen. Rather well done, this character, by Paul Cavanagh.

VERY NICE GIRL

Maggie MacNamara is a very nice girl indeed in "The Moon Is Blue", but some of the lines

she's given would make grandpa's hair curl. I confess to having been shaken a little myself once or twice.

That she's extremely frank is very much of an understatement, and with wide-eyed naivety she completely takes the wind out of the sails of such hardened cases as William Holden and David Niven.

Neither can I believe that a girl (little more than a teenager) who combines such absurdities of expression as "real gone" and "acting like crazy" with shattering home truths about the facts of life can possibly be the innocent she appears.

The dialogue, which in spite of its outspokenness is refreshingly free from double entendre, is witty and very well put over by the principal actors. Maggie MacNamara especially, who carries almost the entire weight of the picture on her bony little shoulders will fairly certainly be nominated for one of the film colony's awards for her performance.

David Niven has a part made to order. He's the rogue father of Dawn Adams — a lascivious wench who's been given the brush-off (the only term applicable) by a William Holden disinclined to take advantage of her oft preferred charms.

William Holden appears to have great fun in this, his first light comedy role for a long time. But although his name is top of the billing, the acting honours go to the rather plain Maggie.

Perhaps to say this is a little unfair to both William Holden and David Niven, because the whole film is so well put together that the slightest trace of over-acting or scene-stealing by them from Maggie MacNamara would throw the picture off balance.

It's her picture because it was written that way and she was big enough and a clever enough actress to seize the opportunity and rise to the heights demanded by the script.

If one didn't know that it had originally been a stage play, it

would have become obvious by half-way, due to the absence of outdoor shots. The few there were could easily have been identified as the wind without the necessity of showing them physically to the audience and it says a lot for the quality of this picture that it succeeds in spite of relying entirely on dialogue for its interest.

LISZT'S LOVE

"Par Ordre du Tsar" is a French picture based on one of the love affairs in the life of the Hungarian pianist — composer Franz Liszt.

A much travelled man, he met the Princess Caroline Sayn Wittgenstein when he was 41. She was the wife of an elderly Russian landowner who had married her for her money when she was a girl of 16.

Even the tactless soul who finds it hard to concentrate on anything more stimulating than a musical or a western will like "The Moon Is Blue", I think. The infectious gaiety of the cast communicates itself to the audience and Maggie MacNamara's chatter is energizing rather than demoralizing.

CAREERIST CLASH

In "The High And The Mighty" Robert Stack was a pilot, and now in "Sabre Jet" he takes to the air once again.

This, however, is not the story of the various characters in the aircraft he flies, but principally of the relationship between two people — Stack and his wife.

They're both careerists. In their way, he is flying and her is writing; but they don't seem to hit it off very well although both are masters of their craft.

Instead of having respect for each other's interests, he seems to imagine that rather than occupying herself with something she does well during his absence in Japan and Korea, she'd be better employed sitting at home worrying; while she often forgets to behave like a woman at all.

Matters are brought to a head when she flies to Japan to get first hand material for an article on the feelings and behaviour of the fliers' womenfolk.

Not considering that possibly behind her apparent new

hunting is a genuine desire to see him, the foolish fellow tries to stand on his many dignities.

If you are at all air-minded, there will be plenty to hold your attention in "Sabre Jet", as I gather that there are dogfights between MiGs and Sabre Jets and numerous shots of all the aspects of air warfare from conference room to actual combat.

The girl in the picture is Coleen Gray.

QUEEN'S

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.
Walt Disney's Technicolor Masterpiece
"PETER PAN"
AT REDUCED PRICES!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

2nd BIG WEEK!
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



NEXT CHANGE ! By Popular Request
"HAMLET"

ALHAMBRA

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

Paramount presents ALAN LADD in

"WHISPERING SMITH"

Color by Technicolor

REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts.



2nd BIG WEEK!

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The

BLUE RIBBON AWARD WINNER

with
Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

M-G-M presents the first great musical

in
CINEMASCOPE
All NEW and in COLOR glory!

ROSE MARIE
STARRING ANN BLYTH · HOWARD KEEL
FERNANDO LAMAS

Also: Musical Triumph! "POET & PEASANT"
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M Musical Comedy

"TEXAS CARNIVAL"
with Esther WILLIAMS · Red SKELTON
in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices.

NEXT CHANGE

The Greatly Awaited Entertainment Event!

AAN
in Technicolor
STARRING DILIP KUMAR
NIMMI
PREMNATH

ORIENTAL
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!

WARNER BROS PRESENTS WILLIAM A. WELLMAN'S
"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"



DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ROXY & BROADWAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

The Most Spectacular CinemaScope Production To Date!

CINEMASCOPE
DEMOCRATICALLY
The GLADIATORS

Produced by United Artists
Directed by Victor Mature
Music by Miklos Rozsa
Story by Charles Schneer
Screenplay by Philip Dunne
Cinematography by Ernest B. Schoedsack
Editorial Direction by Walter Newman
Production Design by Cedric Gibbons

ADDED ATTRACTION: CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING MATCH
Subject: "LAND OF LEGEND" — in Technicolor

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

AT 12.00 Noon

ROXY

United Artists presents

OSI JINKER

Academy Award Winner

in **TECHNICOLOR** CANTOON PROGRAMME

STARRING: BOBBY BROWN, BOBBY BROWN, BOBBY BROWN

Produced by United Artists

Directed by George Marshall

Music by Harry Goldsmith

Story by George Abbott

Screenplay by George Abbott

Production Design by George Abbott

Editorial Direction by George Abbott

Production Supervision by George Abbott

Production Office by George Abbott

MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED.

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

EALING STUDIOS PRESENTS
A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION

ANTHONY STEEL
SHEILA SIM

WEST OF
ZANZIBAR

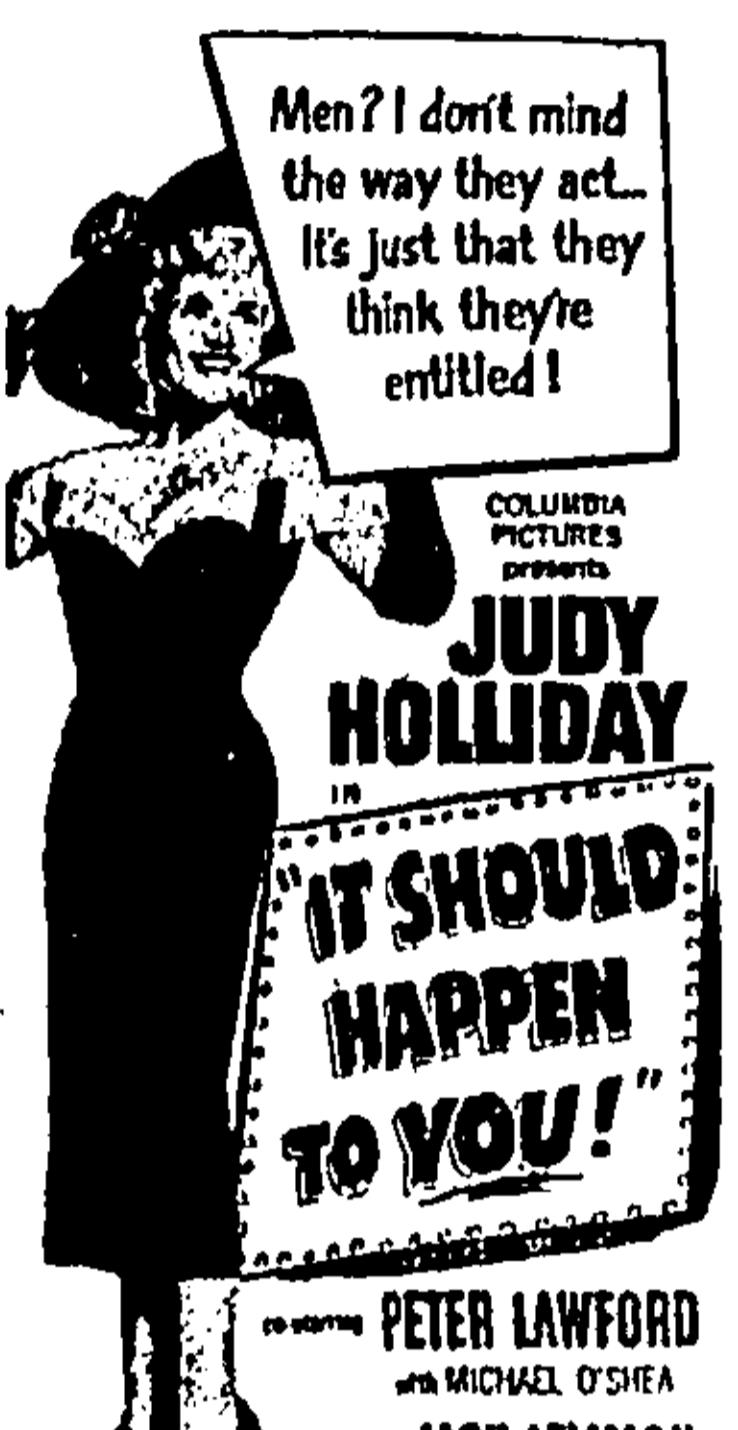


TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

"STRANGERS
ON A TRAIN"

At Reduced Prices

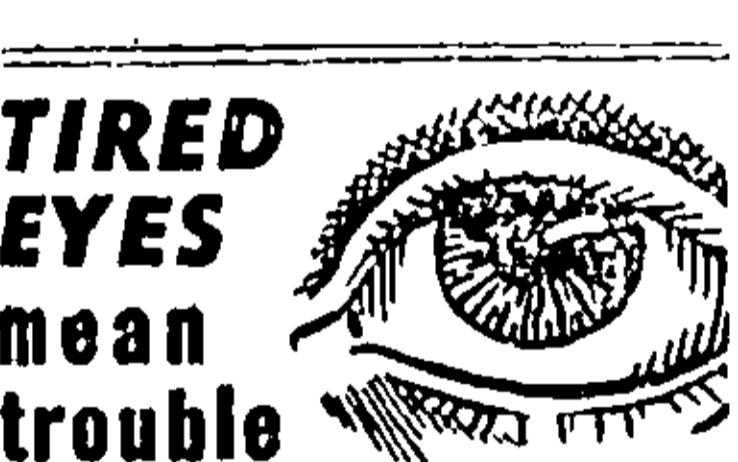
ANOTHER BIG PICTURE
FROM COLUMBIA!



PETER LAWFORD
and MICHAEL O'SHEA
in
JUDY HOLLOWAY
"IT SHOULD
HAPPEN
TO YOU!"

Story and Screen Play by DALE KANNIN
Directed by FRED KOLLMAN Screen Story by GEORGE CUFOR

COMING SOON TO
KING'S
PRINCESS
EMPIRE



TIRED
EYES
mean
trouble

Don't rub your eyes when they are tired from reading, cinemas, or close work. Bathe them with Optrex Eye Lotion for instant relief and lasting good eye health. Doctors approve it.

FREE eye bath with bottle



Bayer's
TONIC

BAKER &
SODA
COMPANY

250 ml. 10 fl. oz.

Protects Your Sight

AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.30 & 9.30
P.M.

SHOWING
TO-DAY

Cathay
AIR CONDITIONED

Romantic as True Confession! Being the Annals and Adventures of the Strangest Romance Ever Filmed!

HAL ROACH presents
GARU GRANT
and BENNETT

TOPPER

AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.30 & 9.30
P.M.

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P.M.

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TO-DAY

Cathey
AIR CONDITIONED

Romantic as True Confession! Being the Annals and Adventures of the Strangest Romance Ever Filmed!

HAL ROACH presents
GARU GRANT
and BENNETT

TOPPER

AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.30 & 9.30
P.M.

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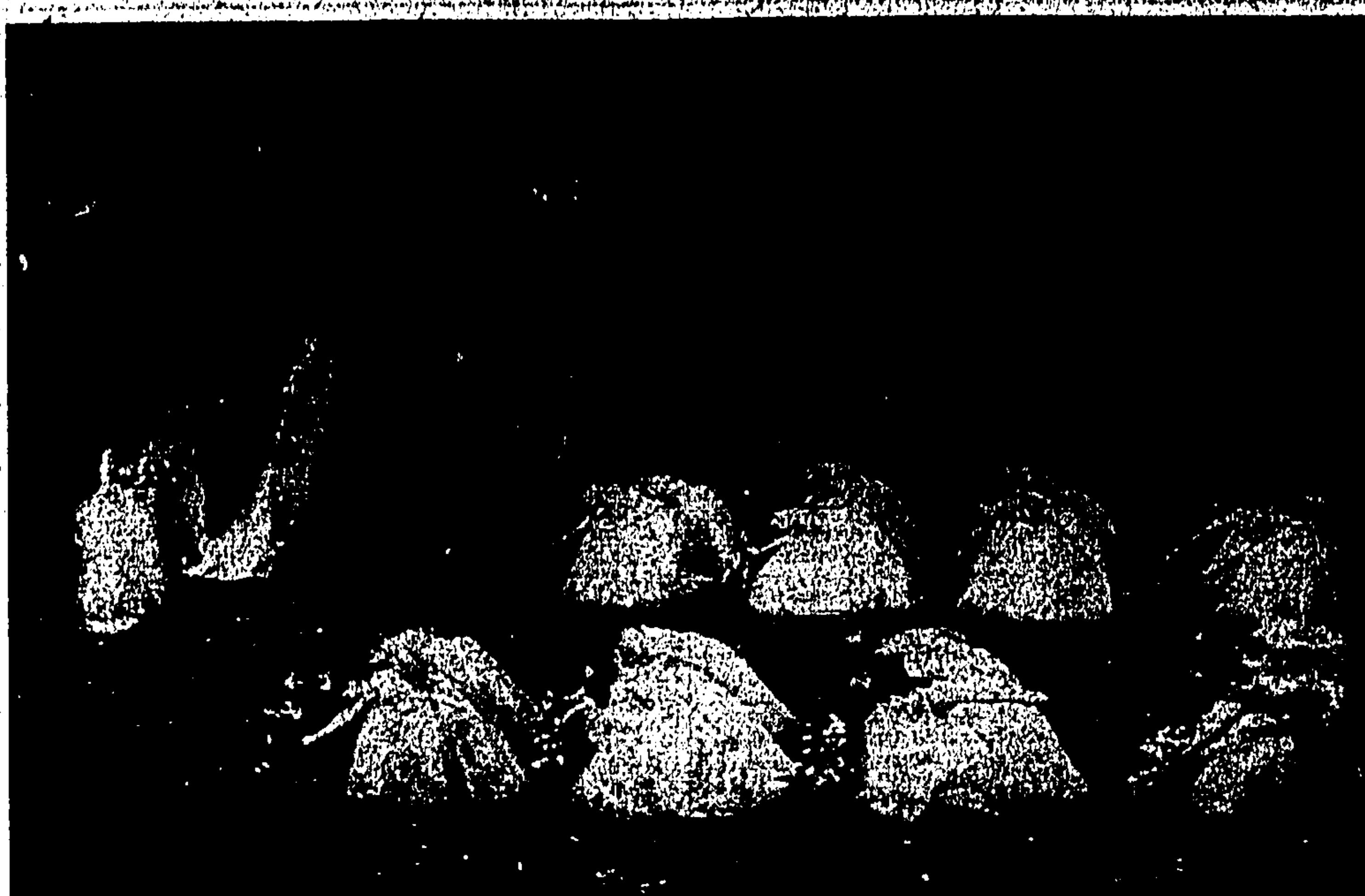
AT 2.30, 5.30,
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SHOWING
TO-DAY

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, the film actress, is greeted by her film actor husband, Michael Wilding, on her arrival at London Airport from New York. She wears a Spanish style pillbox hat with a bead fringe. Michael Wilding has been visiting his parents in England. (Express)

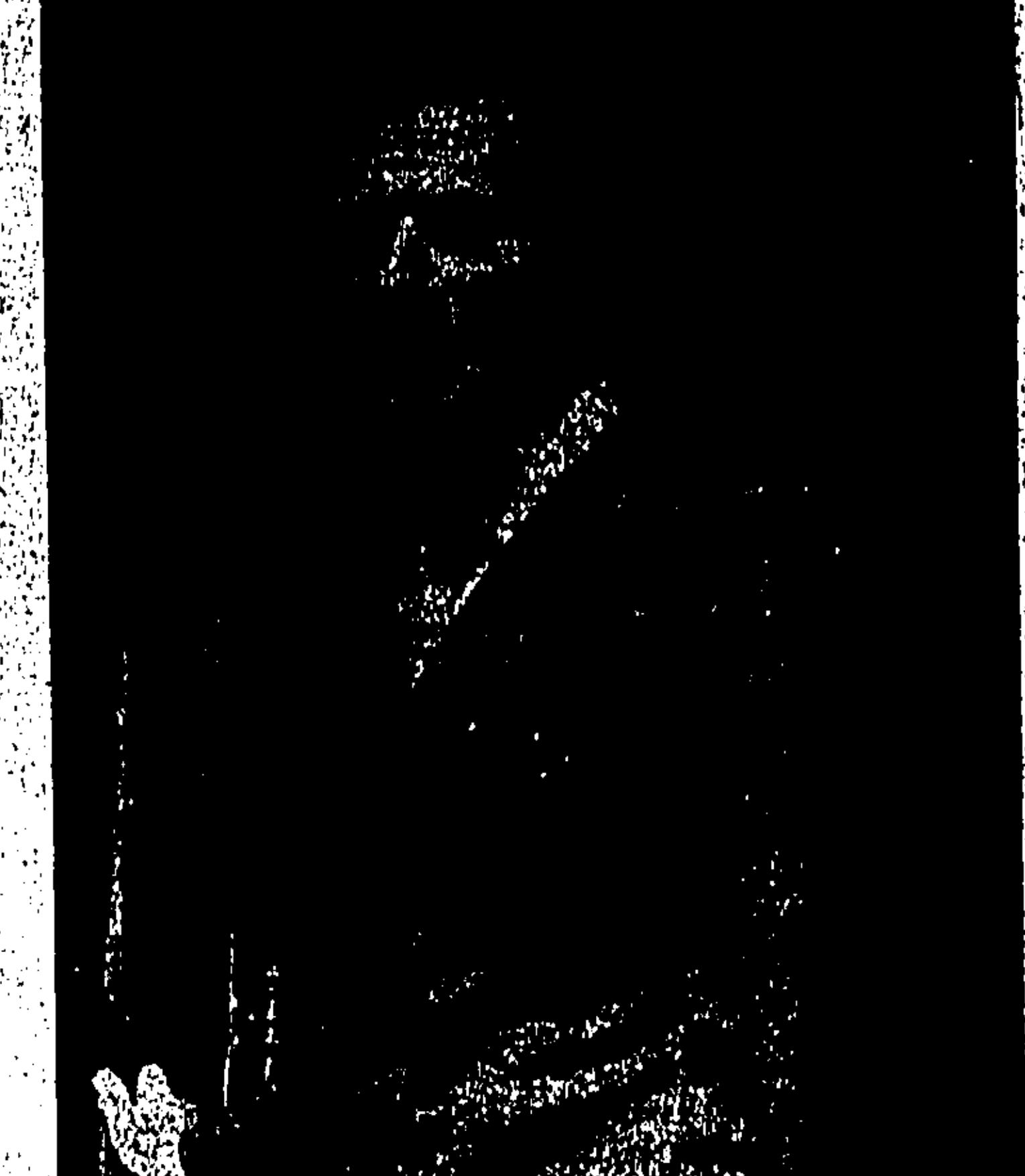


BALLERINA Moira Shearer appeared in her first acting part in the production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the eighth Edinburgh Festival. She took the part of the fairy queen Titania. Picture shows a scene from the £15,000 production. (Express)



LEFT: Pakistan Test cricketer Maqsood Ahmed leaves St Marylebone Register Office with his bride, actress Jean Clowes, a school teacher from Stoke-on-Trent. They met two years ago when Maqsood was playing in Stanordshire League cricket. (Express)

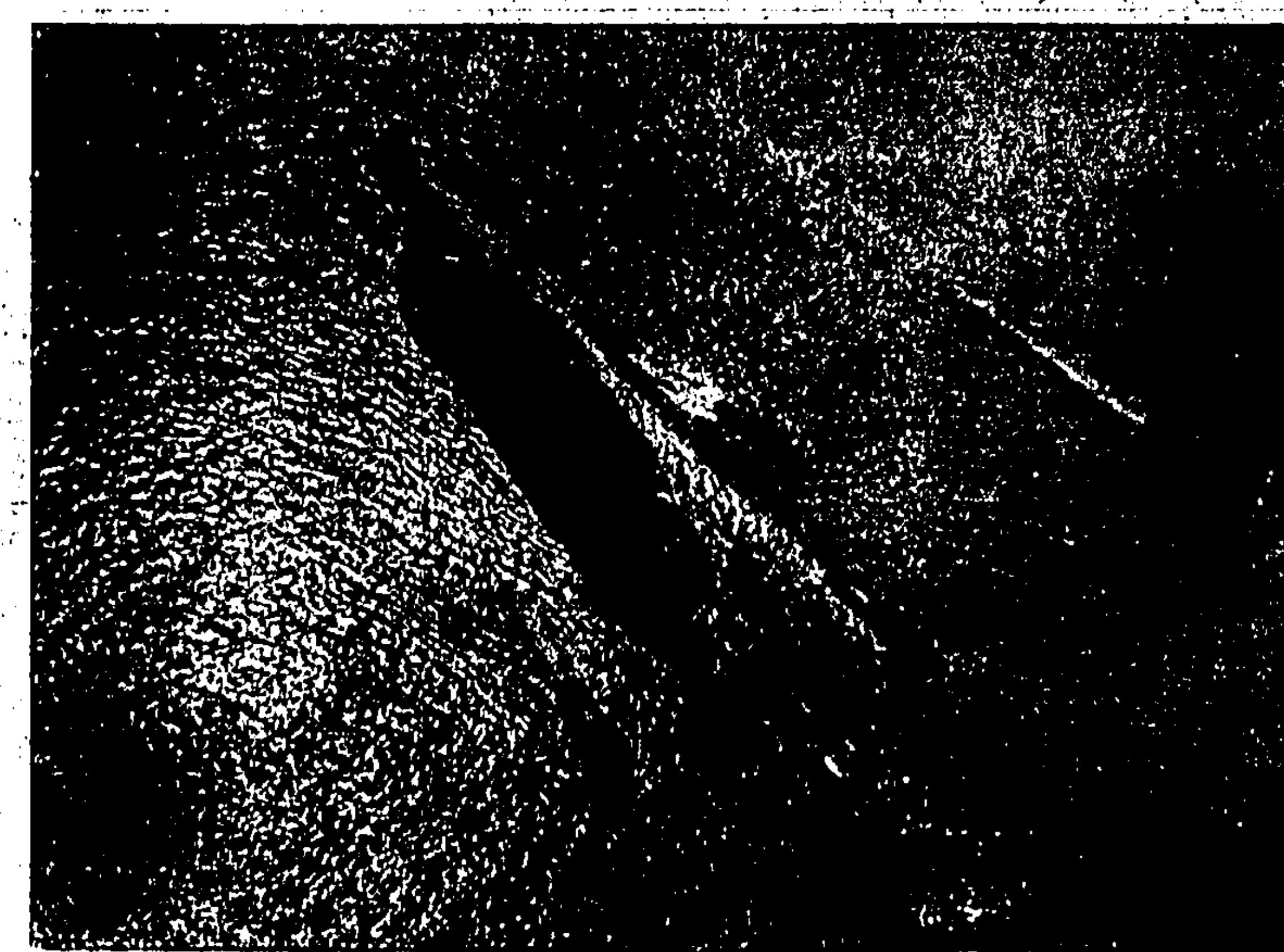
RIGHT: Sally Ann Vivian, 23-year-old daughter of Lord Vivian, and Robin Love, son of film star John Loder, who were secretly married in London recently. Sally Ann, a model, plans to continue her career. (Express)



A close friend of Princess Margaret, whose name has been the subject of romantic rumours: 38-year-old Group Captain Peter Townsend, Britain's Air Attaché in Brussels. He dodges publicity but is here caught by a cameraman, for all that, during a flying trip to London. (Express)

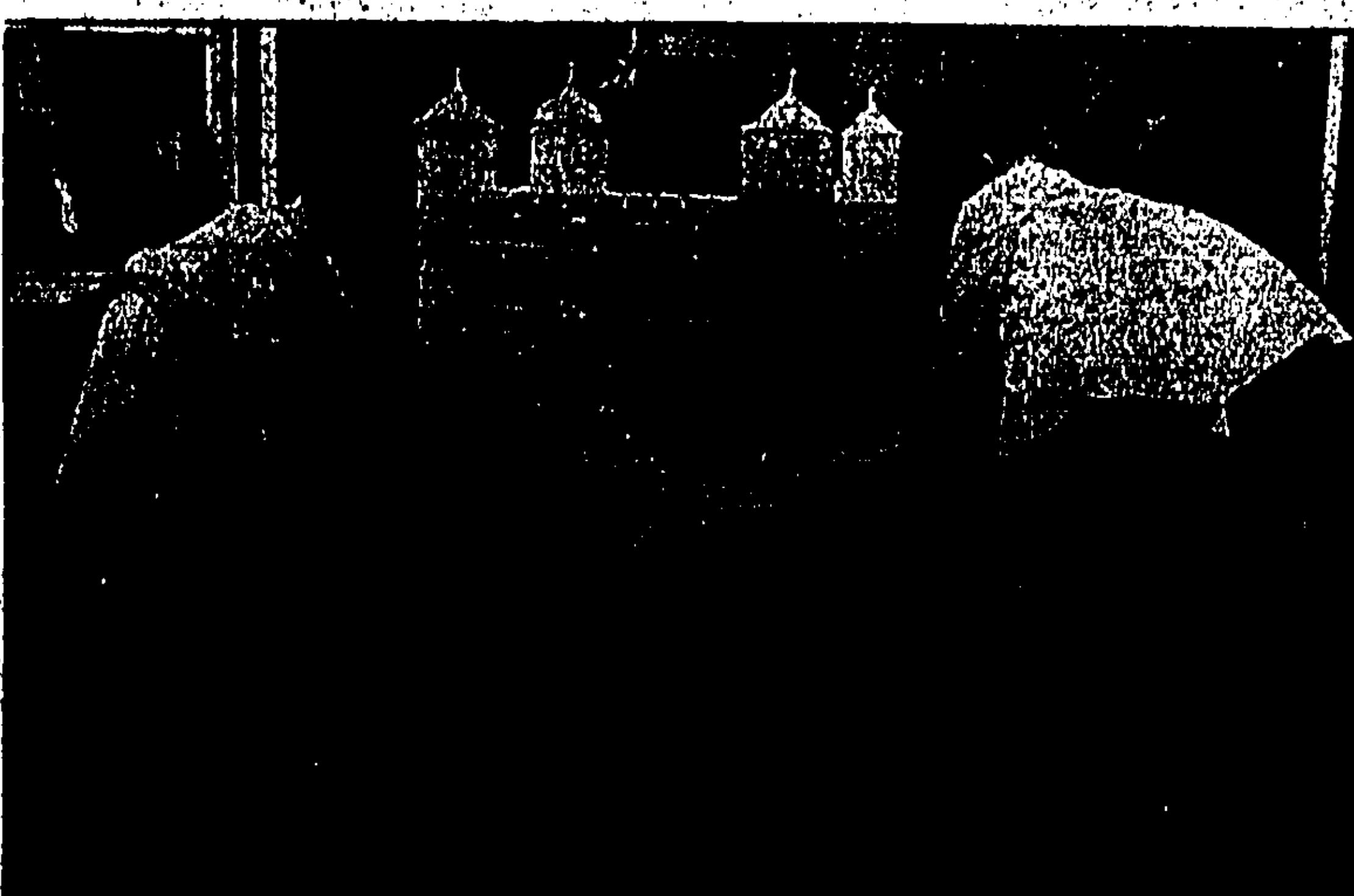


ACTRESS Jackie Lane, wearing pale blue angora encrusted with shells, arrives for the gala premiere of "Rose Marie" at the Empire, Leicester Square. (Express)



ACTOR Dermot Walsh and his actress wife, Hazel Court, carry sausages and chops for the barbecue which they gave recently at their country home in Kent. (Express)

BELOW: Children help to push the 600 lb cake, made in the shape of the White Tower of the Tower of London, when it arrived at Olympia for the British Food Fair. (Express)



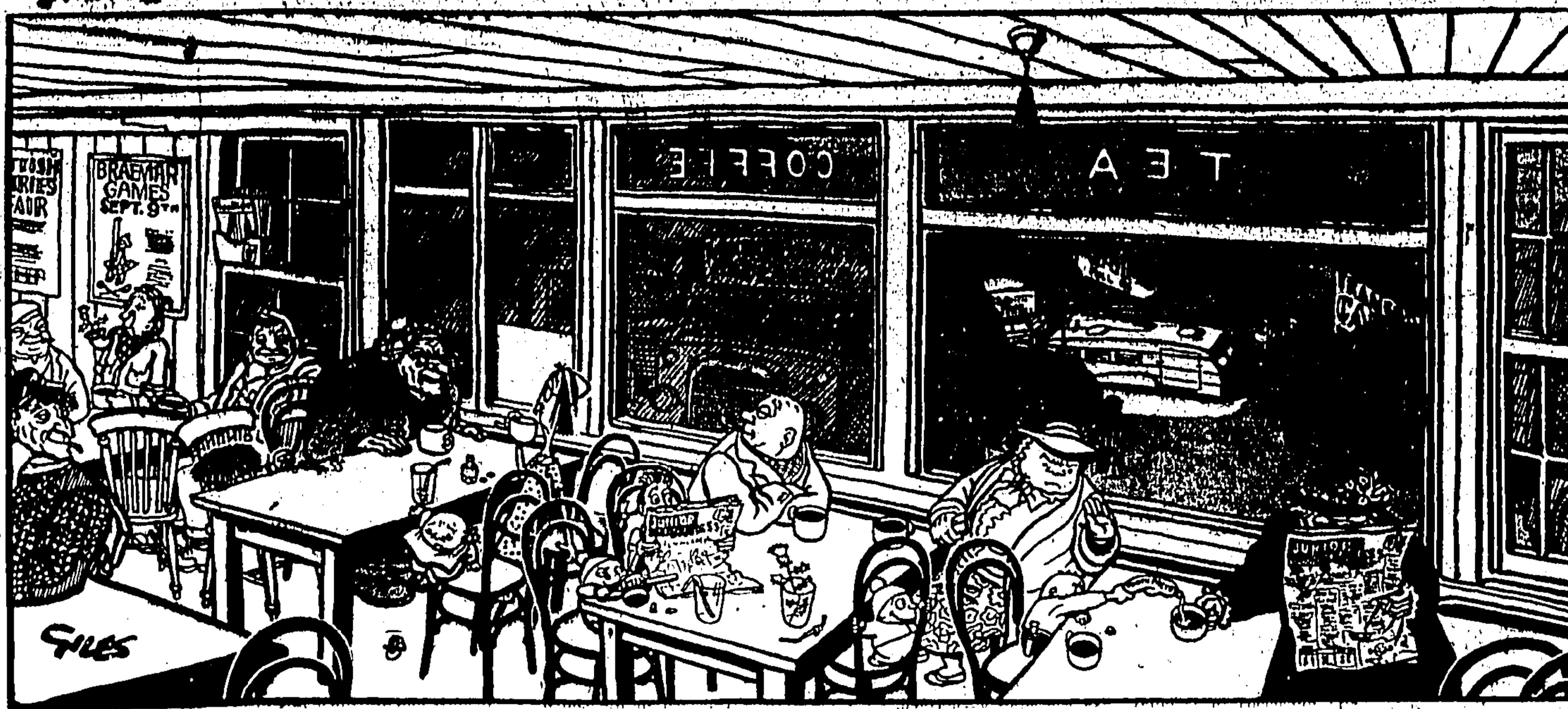
TO the mournful farewell of ship's sirens, the burned-out hulk of the 20,000-ton former luxury liner, Empress of Canada, leaves Liverpool for Spezia, Italy, and the breakers' yard. She was wrecked by fire 19 months ago and has been sold for scrap. (Express)

LADY RATHDONNELL, who paints under her maiden name, Pamela Drew, is doing a portrait of the Queen. In her early forties, she was comparatively unknown until a work of hers, a Coronation scene, was bought by Sir David Eccles last year. Lord Rathdonnell breeds cattle in Ireland. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

GILES REPORTS A BORDER INCIDENT ON THE ROAD NORTH

"Two miles from the Scottish border and first you tell me you don't drink Scotch and then you tell me you don't like haggis!"

London Express Service

I SAW MOSCOW'S TEDDY BOYS

By FRED JARVIS

President of the National Union of Students

THE Russians have Teddy boys, too. They are called "Stilyaga," and I visited their chief haunt in Moscow during a three-week visit to the Soviet Union, from which I recently returned.

In the words of Alexei Shlejepin, Russia's top Communist youth leader, Stilyaga "lives about the streets of the main cities, wearing Tarzan hats and dressing like parrots. They don't work anywhere, nor do they study. They spend their nights in restaurants, and chasing girls."

What goes on during these Moscow nights? I set out to discover and arrived at "Cocktail Hall," a drinking-house on Gorki Street, the main shopping centre, at 1.30 a.m.

The atmosphere was dismal, rather like a British Railways refreshment room.

Snorters

At one table sat a couple of boys about 16 years old. Other tables were occupied by youths in their late teens and frowsy females. They sipped pink-coloured cocktails through straws and looked as if they had been at it most of the evening.

Sitting on high stools at the bar were a number of Stilyaga, drooping over their drinks. They were poorly dressed compared with our Teddy boys. Some favoured zip-jackets; others wore drapé suits with thin lapels.

WHY WEATHER MEN GO WRONG

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

A TEAM of top weather forecasters went to the British Association meeting in Oxford to explain why their prophecies are so often wrong.

While rain had bucketed down ceaselessly since early morning on thousands of people at Oxford's annual St. Giles Fair, the weather men were reminded that their forecast had promised: "Fine at first, with some rain spreading from the west."

They blamed their mistakes on Britain's peculiar geographical position.

Britain is so small that a slight mistake in predicting a wind direction may mean that a weather system which is forecast to arrive misses the country completely, claimed Dr. J. M. Stagg, Deputy Director of the Meteorological Office.

The forecasters bewailed the lack of information from the Atlantic. They pointed out that the atmosphere does not necessarily travel to Scotland from the Azores.

The list of cocktails included such snorters as "The Battering Ram" and "Light House." I played safe with Benedictine at 1½ pints a glass (about half a crown).

Occasionally a lad would stagger out, propped up by his friends.

By 2.30 a.m. Cocktail Hall was beginning to empty and I was glad to leave.

During the rest of my stay in Russia I heard a good deal more about bad behaviour among the young people.

Dressing up

Hooliganism was a big topic at the congress of the all-important Komsomol (Young Communist League). Delegates were told that they had to combat drunkenness, theft and dissipation among Soviet youngsters. And this is happening in a country which has for years lavished vast sums on educating, organising and indoctrinating its youth, to create good Communists.

What is the explanation?

First, as one Komsomol official said to me, in spite of 33 years of power the Communists have not been able to make everybody "well-behaved." Most Soviet citizens remain human beings, with traces of "bourgeois individualism." Hence the desire to escape drab uniformity by dressing up—even like parrots.

Second, the Pioneers and the Komsomol, the two huge youth organisations to which more than 80 percent of Soviet children and adolescents belong, have been failing in their job. It was told this quite frankly by officials.

Nikolaus, secretary of his district Komsomol, told me: "The Pioneer organisation has been getting over-organised and paternalistic. The children are not doing enough for themselves; it is not appealing to their sense of adventure.

The Komsomol is at fault in hot attracting and doing things for the teenagers. One has to study their individual needs. Some Komsomol members have been out of touch. They have been too busy talking about theory and have not studied the problems of young people."

I heard an example of this in Kharkov. It seems the youngsters were finding the Pioneers so dull that they preferred to play football in the streets. A wide-awake Komsomol official

thought of running a tournament for the street teams. It proved a big success—a hundred teams entered. Next year it will be held on an even bigger scale.

The Communists gave other reasons for their problems, notably those we get from youth leaders in Britain. As in Britain, lack of parental control was blamed; they said parents gave their children too much money and did not bother to find out what they did at night. But the Russians reversed the argument about religion. They laid the blame on people going to church, not staying away.

Nevertheless, the youngsters spoke to in the Soviet Union always laughed heartily when asked if they believed in God. "Of course not," they would reply.

Bobby-soxers

They are keen on dancing—but they don't have dance halls. Russians do their dancing in restaurants and the dining-

rooms of hotels between the tables.

They also have their bobby-soxers who hero-worship star opera-singers and ballet-dancers. I saw them in Moscow theatre galleries, shouting for encore after encore from their favourite stars, long after the rest of the audience had left.

One night I saw a group of them autograph-hunting actors from the "Comedie Francaise," the Paris company which scored a tremendous success in Moscow recently.

Like our youngsters, theirs, too, are keen on science fiction and space travel. A recent issue of one Soviet youth magazine had a cover picture showing rocket ships zooming towards the moon. A youth leader told me that they were very eager to hear about space travel and had regular lectures by professors of astronomy.

It would be a mistake to think that the majority of Soviet youngsters are discontented, or opposed to the regime.

But in spite of all the propaganda and indoctrination to which they are subjected, Soviet youngsters still retain interests and face problems that are shared by young people the world over.

FIVE FOOLISH WIVES

THERE WAS ONCE a wife who gossiped round the town and let the wash-up go for two days.

ONE RESULT: Her husband was turned down for a £10,000 dollar job. That is a true story, reported the other day.

And it prompted a series of six stories looking at herself afresh and asking: "Am I heaving to my husband?"

Today, LADY PAKENHAM, widow of a former Cabinet Minister, discusses with DRUSILLA BEYFUS the sort of wife who does not help her husband. So here are Five Awful Warnings for every woman ...

of the true success stories of the age, make him feel too long him as much for what he meant to do, as what he did.

5—One-lifer

NARROW WIFE: She gives up everything for his sake.

How wrong she is. She should take up things now interests that centre round his work. A man is touched to find his wife wants to share and understand something of his work. If she shows no interest he is at first depressed with himself, then with his work, last with his wife.

If the narrow wife took more interest in what she secretly regarded as an uncolourful crowd—his business friends—her husband might respond by looking with more favour on the people he's always found rather boring—his in-laws.

★ ★ ★

AND WHAT ABOUT Lady Pakenham as a wife? Well, she tries hard to share HIS interests.

"Since marriage" she says, "my acquired interests have included Rugby, polo, cricket, theology, local government, foreign golf, criminology, aviation, German, Welsh, and our African children."

She is much more ambitious than her husband and may succeed in pushing him along the career path and further than he would naturally.

She is a good wife, but she is not a good mother. She is a good mother, but she is not a good wife.

4—INT

AMBITION WIFE: She treats her husband like a pressure-cooker left too long on a very hot flame.

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MUST NATO DISAPPEAR?

By James Wickenden

WILL Churchill have to face the sacrifice of the Entente Cordiale with France to gain an ally in a free armed Germany? Will Eden have to watch France wrecking a NATO and then build a new Western alliance including Germany but excluding France?

These and other grave questions may eventually have to be answered, it is believed in London.

For beneath the diplomatic bustle three rock-hard facts obstruct British and American efforts to free Germany and arm her.

One: The French Assembly still have the veto to stop German freedom and also to prevent her joining NATO.

Two: Although Mendes-France may be persuaded to line up with British-American policy, all signs show that the French Assembly — after turning down EDC — will not agree to German rearmament.

Three: Communist propaganda for a Russo-French pact on disarmament is likely to gain more support in France. Should Eden and Dulles put firm pressure on France to agree with them on Germany, there is the chance of France being politically torn apart by the Communists.

Legal Tangle

The legal tangle begins with the Bonn Conventions.

Only when they are put into effect can the control of France, Britain and America be removed from the occupied zones of Germany. Only then can Germany in fact begin to be free.

If fiercely arguing deputies of the French Assembly refused to ratify the Bonn Conventions, Churchill and Eisenhower could not put them into effect. Even if Britain and America gave Germany partial sovereignty and arms within their zones, the result would be an even more divided Germany — with the French zone still hamstrung and occupied.

This situation is officially described as "inconceivable." But it is possible.

Even should the French deputies ratify the Bonn Conventions, Germany cannot come into NATO without unanimous ratification or agreement of the other 14 member states.

Again the French Assembly could veto this — by excluding Germany.

New Alliance

So for Britain and America to bring Germany into a Western alliance, it would mean dissolving NATO to bypass French objections. A completely new European alliance would then have to be formed, including Germany but leaving out France.

No one here considers this as anything but a nightmare possibility.

The idea of an alliance without France is against all probability. Yet, it is the logical choice which France may yet drive her allies to make by her lone stand against the opinion of all the Western world.

This is the kind of alliance which Churchill and Eden obviously yet have to win to make in their interest.

Against this gloomy background, Eden's policy is now being put into effect.

Britain still stands by the results of the British-American study group. The aim is to ratify the Bonn Conventions as soon as possible through diplomatic exchanges at present going on between the occupying powers. Eden is also negotiating direct with Adenauer.

Secondly, there are to be one-power talks in London to discuss German rearmament and alliance with the West.

Behind these discussions it is understood that Britain and the USA are working out methods of giving Germany more sovereignty than the Bonn Conventions allow — and of retaining Germany, even if France does not agree.

Head-on Clash

This means that Eden and Dulles are likely to exert the strongest pressure they can on France in the coming months to avoid a head-on clash between the allies.

But there will be delay.

The French Assembly has gone to recess until the end of the year. The British Parliament also will not be back until mid-October.

The delay imposed by these facts is welcomed in London, for it is thought that it will give Mendes-France a chance of garnering support for another version of the European idea, including Germany.

But as all the parties except the Communists were split in half over EDC, there is little optimism in London that the Assembly will later agree over the more controversial issue of armed Germany which is also due.

They were unquestionably gallant. They were unquestion-

ACCUITTALS are occasionally a applauded, and acquitted persons sometimes held in good esteem. But seldom, indeed, do prisoners, before they have been tried, acquire the status of universal favourites — commended and admired and even hero-worshipped for the very deeds that have brought them to the dock.

Such, however, was the joint experience of Dr Leander Jameson and his associates while they awaited trial in London on a criminal charge during the summer of 1896. What had made them idols of the public?

Failure, though, only made the exploit more romantic. To the public these men were a reincarnation of the Elizabethans, from whom every Englishman's conception of his national

ability was able and audacious in colonial exploitation. (Dr Jameson himself was chief administrator of the African lands now known as Southern Rhodesia, then under protection of a British Chartered Company); and this quality excited quick response from an England re-infected with Imperialist zeal.

They had brought their popularity to a new and sudden peak by crossing the Transvaal frontier at the head of an armed band with the object of supporting British residents in Johannesburg "in their extremity" under Boer rule. That raid had neither official sanction nor practical success, and its captured leaders were handed over for trial by their own countrymen.

The prospect did not leave his mind wholly at ease. He knew that they were drawn from the same community as the demonstratively partisan spectators, and that they must in large measure share their emotions. He knew that those emotions would be greatly heightened by their parade and interaction in the mass.

There could not have been a clearer or more violent clash between the demands of public opinion and the demands of

character consciously or unconsciously derived.

What, then, had made them the quarry of the law?

They had planned a military expedition with the object of invading the territory of a friendly state. They had executed the plan and mounted the expedition. They had actively participated in it.

The testimony was over. The speeches had been made. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, carefully scrutinised the jury he was to direct.

The prospect did not leave his mind wholly at ease. He knew that they were drawn from the same community as the demonstratively partisan spectators, and that they must in large measure share their emotions. He knew that those emotions would be greatly heightened by their parade and interaction in the mass.

Formerly as counsel, he had endured first-hand experience of

how emotion in a court may disturb and displace judgment — when his client, Mr Maybrick, against the weight of evidence, was convicted of murder through popular dislike. If he could help it, the position would not now be reversed, and the men accused, against the weight of evidence, acquitted of a lesser crime through popular regard.

He looked appraisingly along the jury-box again. There could be one finding on the facts. But asked for a straight verdict — guilty or not guilty? — could they have relied upon to arrive at it by reference to the facts? Or would they take advantage of their widely defined province to ignore or reject the prompting of their heads and return the verdict most welcome to their hearts?

The Lord Chief Justice decided not to ask for a straight verdict; to follow instead an unconventional course.

"I am going to ask you to consider certain questions which it is in the interests of justice you should answer," he said. "I enumerated them — three specific questions, hard and precise as queries in a census."

Had the defendants engaged in the preparation of a military expedition against the South African Republic? Had they assisted in the preparation of such an expedition? Were they employed in any capacity on such an expedition?

"If, upon reviewing the evidence," said the Lord Chief Justice, "you can answer any of these questions saying there is no case against the prisoners — his jaws snapped — 'do so.'"

A confused conference took place among the jurors. The Lord Chief Justice tapped his pen. The jurors fretted from anxiety and frustration; they had expected a roar with cheers.

"At last, the foreman stood erect and faced the court.

"We have answered your questions categorically as we were asked," he said. "On a verdict of guilty or not guilty, we do not agree."

A murmur of applause was not suppressed; it died. The shouts of ushers were never

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Next Saturday:

☆

A German sues an MP for fraud... in 1917.

.....

Jury were angry

.....

The jury could

.....

one-half so effective as a single grim glance from Lord Russell of Killowen.

He leaned back in his chair.

"That is a most unhappy state

of things," he said. "These

questions, answered as they are,

amount to a verdict of guilty.

They are capable of no other construction."

"He suddenly leaned forward, exerting the full weight of his powerful personality.

"I therefore direct you to return a verdict of guilty."

They remained out for an hour. Upon their return they solemnly announced that they answers to these questions: none

were bowed as if in shame.

"My Lord, we are unanimous."

We find the prisoners guilty..."

So were Dr Jameson and his friends called to account in defiance of sentiment but in obedience to law. Their punishment — 15 months for Jameson, lesser terms for others — caused a wider greater shock than their conviction. Ministers had assumed that, at worst, they would be bound over.

But opinion was modified by time. "When I tried them," Lord Russell remarked to a friend in 1900, with the Boer War well into his stride, "people said I was too hard upon them. Now people say that I was not hard enough."

.....

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HONOUR AT STAKE

NO. 4

THE GUILTY WERE HEROES

With guns, they had crossed the borders of a friendly state. In the eyes of the English public they were romantic adventurers . . . but the law had to draw a different picture

by Edgar Lustgarten

HOW TO ANALYSE HANDWRITING . . . PART THREE

ROUNDED AND ANGULAR LETTERS SHOW DIFFERING TEMPERAMENTS

By "SCRIBBLER"

the lead before she voices her own views.

When angular capital letters appear in a script that is otherwise composed of rounded formations, it shows that, while he or she has a gentle soul underneath the surface, the writer is inclined to "put on act" and assume an aggressive outward manner.

Rounded script with some angular formations in the small letters discloses a person with some shrewdness of mind, and more spirit of independence than the person with a strictly rounded script.

On the other hand, many adults still continue to write a rounded script, and there is a difference of temperament between these rounded script.

She's a river called the river of no return, sometimes it's peaceful.

EXAMPLE ONE

When rounded handwriting is made with very large formations, it shows a person of non-assertive character. This writer does not have strong personal opinions, yet at the same time he possesses the tendency to close in his mind against anything which he thinks is too much of a departure from the accustomed routine of living. This resistance is due to caution and hesitancy and not to an unco-operative spirit.

Rounded script with small formation shows that the writer has a precise and careful mind. He is able to do fine work besides possessing the loyal and cooperative traits which belong to the rounded hand.

Example 1 is an excellent example of round script written by a young woman. It shows that she is innocent enough to believe anything she is told, and even a mediocre salesman can sell her anything he pleases. Her easy-going attitude towards such things is characteristic of her good-natured personality, and, of course, she makes friends readily.

This young woman is not assertive and is liable to be won over by the rounded hand.

The person who writes with an angular formation shows his competitive spirit and critical mind. His independence makes him undertake plans, and he carries them through on his own.

The person who dislikes being in a subordinate position, whether in business or personal matters — shows his strong personality and ambition in his angular writing, which has a very heavy pen pressure and large letter formations.

Angular handwriting that is very small and clear shows the attitude of a specialist — the person who wants to do one or two things well and to concentrate on them until a correct solution has been reached. This person takes nothing for granted. He is willing to get down to fundamentals to analyze each idea as it is expanded.

Angular handwriting which contains distinctive letter formations — especially capital letters which are highly original — and has a tendency to be irregular in its appearance, is indicative of a person who has a driving force who will not be confined to routine, and is often goaded on by emotion. His personality is vital and often contradictory, and his spirit is competitive. This writer is too often insufficiently relaxed, and is unable to concentrate on the goals for which he strives.

Writing that has many fancy flourishes and ornamentations discloses a certain amount of vanity. EXAMPLE 1 shows a certain amount of flourishes, and this suggests an attempt to attract attention and display the writer's personal charms.

People who write with flourishes are extremely self-centred, often quite selfish and invariably conceited.

Flourishes that are complicated — that is, where the coarse and unwholesome,

lines twine around and become lost within each other — show a suave and subtle disposition. This writer will appear coolly detached and reserved most of the time, and if he is not absolutely certain of the person he is talking to he will watch him with evident distrust and caution. A certain amount of cunning and slyness must be watched out for, too. He is liable to be quite artful and deceitful if he feels that he can get away with something.

Pronounced mental and physical activity is seen in a script written with flourishes that resemble flashes of lightning. In all probability the writer will be small, spry and right angry. It was one thing to come back with a general verdict of acquittal which might have been reached in a score of different ways. It was another to come back with negative answers to these questions, nine of which could be so answered on the evidence.

They remained out for an hour. Upon their return they solemnly announced that they answers to these questions: none

were bowed as if in shame.

"Very well," said the Lord

Chief Justice briefly. "That

amounts to a verdict of guilty,

which you will now find against all the defendants.

It was no more than elementary logic, but it evoked a ripple of dismay from the packed

jury box.

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★ Knocking over public idols
is no way to become popular

by
George
Whiting

Joe Beckett plays golf...and minds his own business

★ He thrashed a crack American

NO boxer was ever more roundly boozed than Joe Beckett. The things we called him when Georges Carpentier knocked him out in one round—for the second time—would fill a whole bookful of obscenities.

Beckett should worry. At 60, he is a contented man, savoring quietly but to the full the ripe fruits of shrewd investments in the "best part" of his native Southampton.

Golf, billiards, his family caravan holiday, and minding his own business...these are the retirement occupations of the swarthy, sensitive heavyweight whose left hook took him from the booth to the championship of his country.

Sensitive? Certainly. The Beckett I knew was a man to be admired for the way he took life by the scruff of the neck—and pitied for the shyness, inherently complex, and moderate social equipment that were his when his pugilistic endowments pitchforked him into headlines and big money.

Beckett began by swapping fairground punches with his brother George, and that rough and ready apprenticeship was about the only schooling he ever had until he joined the Army in the 1914-18 war.

But Old Sobersides has come through—with a good deal more credit than many a Beau Brummell who strutted around for cheers while Beckett was rating cat-calls.

Rocksize chip

Joe started off on the "wrong" foot by taking the championship away from that handsome, long-climbed, inconsistent and unpredictable darling of the British fight crowds, Bombardier Billy Wells.

Knocking over public idols is no way to become popular, and it was with rucksack chip on his broad shoulder that the reticent, inarticulate Beckett left, hooked his way to good money with short-shrift wins over such Harry Curzon, Harry Reeve, Big McCormick, Frank Goddard and Dick Smith, Australia's George Cook, America's Eddie McGeary and Fank Moran, and the former world champion, Tommy Burns (whom he also fought, unofficiably, and with a fist, on a staircase in a Leeds hotel).

Left-righty described a explosive public as "a huge sized monster of ingratitudes."

Joe Beckett's misfortune to be catapulted in fight history us to man whose second defeat by Carpentier gave birth to the now cliché park about the spectator who stopped to pick up his hat and mind the fight. That puerile knowing shocked us dumb—until we found tongue to howl our mortification.



* Family man Joe Beckett proudly holds his three-month-old grandson at his home in Southampton.

In both of these fights Moran had used to good effect a two-fisted right swing which he christened Mary Ann. When Mary Ann crossed them, they die," he declared, and the quip was duly quoted. Mary Ann became famous, and Joe Beckett was one of the first to make her very dangerous indeed. Tattered when, in 1920, Moran knocked him out in the second round.

Two years later—time enough for Beckett's reputation to be re-established with wins over Big McCormick and George Cook—came the return, with the British lad jam-packed to see Mary Ann still potent.

"Foul!" yelled Moran's seconds as the fighter leaping past up the timekeeper's count over their writhing, pain-shot principals.

Moran mad as a hornet, clutched and rushed Beckett to the ropes. Beckett cowered under a left lead, swayed, and shot a right to the body that sent his open-mouthed opponent staggering down the ropes to the floor.

At "seven," Moran made it to rise, the count ceased, then Moran sank back again, and for a brief instant the crowd paused in its pandemonium.

The referee turned towards Beckett, now listening with obvious apprehension to the tattered demands for his "low punch" disqualification.

But there was no disqualification—and no knock-out. The bell reprieved us all.

Then it was Beckett's eyes from a straight left to the nose, and an audible cry of "Oh, so that's the game!" from Moran as the affronted Beckett hooked his redoubtable left. Hounds even.

"Round two was the busiest three minutes I ever had," recalls Beckett.

That is the way it looked. Beckett seeking close quarters

to the better effect of his shorter arms—and also to avoid any crosses from Mary Ann—jabbed mightily to the body to persuade Moran to lower his guard, then hooked upwards with his left. From panty to front door, as we uncouth ringiders used to say.

Moran stepped back with his fair face drenched with blood from a cut eyebrow, and a plumb-line swelling on his right cheek.

Up on the instant, Beckett lunged himself at Moran, and for the rest of that rapturous crowd was being dashed out with wrist, forearm and head instead of knuckles? This was fighting—Pier Six shenanigans...value for money. Who's worried about blood?

At the end of the round, the master of boxing strategy, Ted Broadribb, to bang with his fists on the ring platform and drew in Beckett's left ear: "Get up, Joe. Get up. You've got him licked."

All this in eight tense seconds, at the end of which Beckett, the Beckett, some fools had labelled quitter—made a supreme effort and regained his feet to grab the frustrated Moran in a brotherly embrace. By the time the referee had hauled them apart, Beckett had recovered his abounding belligerence.

Another Moran right-hander toppled him over before the end of that terrible fourth round, but this time Beckett was up immediately, punching furiously and creating red havoc on his rival's face.

At the end of the round, the round in which he had come within two seconds of winning the fight, Moran was back-peddling—and top-class American heavyweights do not box backward unless they are in very real trouble.

Beckett now became an exec-cessor, conscious that Moran's power to hurt him was gradually being sapped by a rain of punishment that lacerated his face, closed his eyes, and expelled the air from his lungs.

By round seven Mary Ann was a flapping old lady, swept aside as Beckett ripped in with every punch he ever learned from fairground upwards. But through it all a gallant and practically defenceless Moran grinned a ghastly kind of acknowledgment.

THE GOLF CUP WITH A CURSE ON IT

By Tom Eytan

ARE you superstitious? You know what I mean, being afraid of black cats and Friday the Thirteenth. Of course, everybody knows that it's all nonsense. Well, whoever heard of anything quite so stupid as throwing salt all over the place and walking into the road rather than under a ladder!

But it is not advisable to say all this to any of the golfers at Folkestone, a pretty English seaside resort. You see they believe that one of their trophies, a silver cup bought in Hong Kong, has a curse on it.

COLONEL'S GIFT

A colonel chap who had been in Hongkong wanted to present his club with a handsome challenge cup which could be played for each year. He found a little shop which promised to make the silver cup for him at a reasonable price. The cup was very much to his liking. It was well decorated

with mandarins and delicately carved maidens, and the handles were in the shape of grinning dragons.

The shopkeeper told him that the silver had been stolen from a Chinese temple. But being a soldier, and a colonel at that, he didn't believe in curses and evil spells, so he thought no more about it.

He little knew at the time how Folkestone golfers would hate that cup in later years.

Naturally the golfers were pleased when the colonel presented his silver cup to the club. It was just the thing to decorate any home...something uncommon, yet distinguished. In short, a prize worth winning.

But alas, superstition won the day. It was just weak that the first golfer to play the cup was a married couple who de-lighted when the husband

won the cup. But the curse was just weak that the first golfer to play the cup was a married couple who delighted when the husband

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The cup has not been played for since. And that was six years ago. You see, nobody wants the "Hongkong Cup."

The club's pro, a shrewd little man, not generally giving to worrying about little demons and the like, is also afraid of the cup. His uncle looked after the trophy during the 1948 competition. He died while the game was being played.

One winner wouldn't have anything to do with the cup. So a steward made of sternor stuff, took it home. He kept it in his bedroom for safety. After all, it was worth well over £100. The steward fell ill, and died a few days later.

Two weeks after winning the trophy, he slipped his arm after winning the competition. He could never play golf again. A young wife wasn't so lucky. She was knocked down by a motor cycle and suffered a broken leg.

After the 1948 episode, the cup was placed in an attic. Some time ago it was taken away by mistake and found lying in two pieces.

IN TWO PIECES

Now the cup is missing. It is

now in the hands of a man who has a son who is a member of the Folkestone Golf Club. The boy is a

Where are
the Kings of
the Ring
today?—7

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THE BIG SPENDERS

Tales from the tables... analysing the men who bet in fortunes... just for the thrill of it!

B LUE cigar smoke lies like lead over the green tables and even the ivory faces of the croupiers begin to sag. Outside, the southern sun is beginning to finger the casino roof.

But the men round the table still clutch and glare at their cards with a tireless passion. It is still yesterday to them.

These are the big gamblers. They are not the regular casino players—mostly women—who reach hungrily for the chips with hands like turkey's feet.

Those people play only for small stakes. No one can play for big stakes consistently over a long period.

The big casinos of Cannes, Monte Carlo, Deauville, divide their clients into three categories, the High, the Medium, the Low.

The Low gamblers are the casuals, the holiday-makers, the £1-a-stake players, who may win or lose up to £100.

The Medium gamblers are the regulars, who may win or lose £1,000 a week.

But the High gamblers... they may lose £10,000 in a night.

Gambler on the tables has none of the spectacle and cheering thrill of a horse-race. It has none of the feeling of intelligent anticipation or inside information with which the stock market operator warms himself. It has not even the personality-clash of good poker.

Born gamblers

THE very rich sometimes gamble through yawning boredom. But most of the men, dim in the cigar-haze at the green tables, are born gamblers.

The money does not matter much. They would

The gambling sheik loses £50,000 in an hour

(BUT A LUCKY YOUNG MAN WINS £15,000 IN TEN MINUTES!)

by
John Deane Potter

Jumble if the stakes were a halfpenny. It is the tingle at their finger ends and the racing pulse when they feel their luck is in that matter to them.

You can tell at once when a big player comes in.

When he drives up to the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes attendants hasten forward to lift the white boards with the pink spots on them out of his way.

These are placed outside the casino entrance to prevent anyone parking there.

In the case of the big gambler it is different of course. He is one of the aristocrats of the table.

They tell the story of one man who has played for years at the same casino.

One day when he was losing he borrowed £100 from the cash desk. He lost more than £1,000 that night. After he had paid his debt one of the casino

officials came to him and said he had not been debited with the £100 cheque.

It was a mistake—and the gambler was able to prove it.

As soon as the official agreed and apologised for the error, the gambler became extremely excited and said: "I know it. You were trying to swindle me. You've been trying to do it for years and tonight you nearly succeeded."

Two casino attendants had to lead him back to his hotel, sobbing and cursing.

Next day he was back in his usual place. He lost another £1,000 without a word.

Who are the people who play for such stakes?

In the post-war years the casino clients have changed. Gone are the maharajahs. They have fallen on comparatively hard times since the Indian Government dissolved the Chamber of Princes.

The free-spending Argentinians have also nearly disappeared. So, of course, have the British. Both have been muzzled by currency rules.

So who keeps up the tradition? I present an assorted group of gamblers. They include a Hollywood film producer,

an emperor and an ex-king. But one of the youngest of them is a 33-year-old Italian motor-car manufacturer called Gianni Agnelli. He can afford to be a big gambler because he is one of Italy's rich men. He is an important shareholder in the Fiat works, which his grandfather founded.

Like so many other rich men he plays usually the card game of baccarat.

There is no percentage for the casino in this game, whereas in chemin-de-fer the casino takes



five percent. Casino officials calculate it makes a quarter of the profit a roulette table does.

And this is the man who the casino officials lament does not gamble as much as he did a couple of years ago.

They say two things have happened which have made him less venturesome. Last year he married Marcella Caracciolo, a 20-year-old Italian princess with red-gold hair. She is not much of a gambler, but she likes parties.

Taken the case of Agnelli. He works hard and when he is on holiday he plays with vigour. Sometimes when he is cruising along in his power launch he decides to spend an hour at the

casino. Instead of returning to his villa, which once belonged to the King of the Belgians, and is perched on a hill above Villefranche, he will land at Monte Carlo and go to the casino. He seldom stays longer than an hour. And he always backs the black.

But in that time he will sometimes win—or lose—a thousand pounds or so. He seldom plays with less than £500 chips. Generally he uses the apricot-coloured plaques which are the insignia of the big gambler. They are worth £1,000 each.

For the past few weeks he has been winning pretty consistently. But the other night he did lose £2,000 before dinner.

That sort of minor setback does not put Agnelli off his food.

But he has always managed to attend to his business. He had his office altered so he could drive right up to his desk.

Now he roars round the coast in his long motor-launch.

At lunch-time he and his guests often steer into the tiny artificial harbour of the La Reserve de Beaulieu.

This small hotel, which is just off the dusty lower coast road between Nice and Monte Carlo, is one of the favourite meeting places of the big spenders.

He got up from the table. Then he sat down again.

It was several hours later when he left the casino. He had won his £26,000 back and a little on top.

You can sometimes see Jack Warner, the Hollywood film producer, forking up a little lobster there at luncheon.

Farouk himself is one of the least poker-faced of the big gamblers. When the £1,000 plaques start rolling his way he gurgles and laughs out loud with pleasure.

When he loses he scowls and mutters angrily to himself. A lot of the more solemn gamblers, whose faces are as expressionless as boiled lobsters, find his attitude distressing.

Another Egyptian who is playing the big tables is a young side-whiskered man called Atrash, who is described as the Tim Ross of Egypt. He won £15,000 in ten minutes at Deauville the other day.

Broke a leg

WHEN the Marquis de Cuevas gave his fantastic party in Biarritz just a year ago all the international jet-set were there. The marquis appeared as the God of Nature. He was followed by Princess Marcella, in a dress covered with artificial blossom, who represented Spring. Most people said she was the most beautiful woman there.

They say two things have happened which have made him less venturesome. Last year he married Marcella Caracciolo, a 20-year-old Italian princess with red-gold hair. She is not much of a gambler, but she likes parties.

During the past weeks he and Darryl Zanuck, his Hollywood producer friend, have been much among the big coloured counters.

About 2 a.m. the other morning Warner, who has lost £40,000 in a season, and Zanuck, who has won £20,000 in one night, settled down to a serious game of baccarat.

The other tables slowly began to pack up as people drifted over to watch the film chiefs.

Attendants lit cigar after cigar for them. They took their coats off.

At 3 a.m. every other table was deserted. Five hundred people watched the big boys playing.

Warner never staked less than £7,000. At one point he was down £20,000.

One of them turned up in a casino recently. He had left his gold bars at home. But he was flourishing 250,000 dollars.

He changed, most of it into £1,000 plaques. One of his servants came and placed a portable gramophone beside him and played him wailing Arab tunes on it while he gambled.

He obviously had no idea of the game. He just flung his £1,000 counters anywhere. After about an hour he became bored.

Then arm in arm they walked out blinking in the sunlight to their cars parked on the promontory on which the casino is built. Warner had won £46,000.

Then he walked out smiling broadly. He had his fun. He had probably lost £50,000 but he did not care. He had showed them what he thought of gambling.

STRANGEST players are the occasional visitors from the Persian Gulf area.

With their fantastic taxies from oil they are the newest and richest of the new-rich. Often they transport their money about in aircraft in large gold bars.

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He had probably lost £50,000 but he did not care. He had showed them what he thought of gambling.

He changed, most of it into £1,000 plaques. One of his servants came and placed a portable gramophone beside him and played him wailing Arab tunes on it while he gambled.

He obviously had no idea of the game. He just flung his £1,000 counters anywhere. After about an hour he became bored.

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Then he walked out smiling broadly. He had his fun.

He had probably lost £50,000 but he did

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THREE SAFE-SWIM HAIRSTYLES
LONG, SHORT AND MEDIUM

Always Like A Mermaid; Never Like A Mouse



INTO the sea she goes like a mermaid, her hair delightfully free and curly.

A QUICK BEAUTY PICK-UP

RUSH! Rush! That's what you've been doing all day. It's been one task after another. Just where has time gone?

You're ready to collapse in a heap. But look at that clock. Day's done and a big evening date is almost immediately in the offing. In the thirty minutes remaining, you have to forget you're tired and assume a gay, sparkling air and a pretty-as-a-picture appearance. It sounds impossible!

But it isn't, lady! You can give yourself a beauty pick-up that will have you looking and feeling like a new woman in short order.

First, fill the tub with warm water. Sprinkle in fragrant bubbles, salts or oil. Relax in your scented bath for a few minutes. Forget the busy day behind you.

Finish with a quick, cold shower that will bring a glow to your cheeks. Pat on dusting powder or body lotion.



Now, lie down for five minutes. Elevate feet. Cover eyes with cold compresses that have been dipped in eye lotion or good quality witch hazel. Breathe deeply and slowly. Make your mind a complete blank.

You'll feel fresh and ready for make-up magic after this rest routine.

Sitting before a well-lighted mirror, apply foundation to face and neck. Work in gently until it disappears. Buff on a pinky powder to hide that grey, tired look. Place rouge high so it calls attention to eyes, makes them sparkle.

Before pencilling eyebrows, groom them with a tiny brush. Trent India to coloured mascara — blue or green is wonderful for after-dark.

Eye shadows' in order for the evening, too. Available in numerous shades — including blue, green, purple, even gold and silver, it plays up the colour of your eyes.

When making up your lips, don't rush the job. Do it carefully. Use a brighter lipstic than the one you apply by day.

There you are freshened up, looking lovely!

The final touch is perfume, some light scent such as lily of the valley, to make you feel truly feminine. Be sure to put it on! If perfume is your forte, then go for it. You can find some magnificently fragrant perfumes in

the ends in on themselves, and seans up the coil with hairpins.

MARIANNE has curly hair which she brushes right up and back behind her ears. This way, she says, her hair falls into a reasonably pretty shape at the back when it's wet.

PATRICIA'S safe-swim hairstyle depends on the shortness of the short cut. There is very little curl to come out. She has a short fringe which dries in a flash and the back tapered to fit her head like a cap. She loosens. She pins it up into a trim coil at the back. She draws it back each side, ho! she looks like the girl in the picture.

SUE, though she is a beauty, does not risk wearing her long, blond hair straight. She pins it up into a trim coil at the back. She draws it back each side, ho! she looks like the girl in the picture.

CHEOPS' 14 COLOURS

Greensboro, N.C. THE 14 colours of Cheops will be featured in the holiday line of blouses by a leading textile manufacturer.

Taking its cue from renewed interest in Egypt because of the discovery of Cheops' solar ship, researchers announced re-

productions of the authentic colours used during the dramatic fourth dynasty of Pharaohs.

The colours are papyrus, pink gypsum, solar blue, Nil Delta cedarwood, pharaoh gold, scarab coral, royal amethyst, celestial blue, turquoise treasure, sycamore, osiris blue, sphinx and Egyptian night.

Something more than just sex appeal

What Is The Secret Of Marilyn's Charm?

By EILEEN ASCROFT

HOW CAN a woman top the popularity poll with men—and avoid antagonising her own sex? One woman has mastered the art supremely well: Miss Marilyn Monroe. And as a woman who likes to understand what the secret is, I have been analysing her special appeals.

What is it about this dizzy, curvaceous, kittenish blonde that gets every man ogling? And wins the approval of the women, too?

It is something more than just sex appeal that has kept her at the top of the Glamour Poll for years.

After a brief New York meeting, reading six different life stories and cross-examining ardent fans of both sexes, I present the Marilyn Monroe Doctrine. It contains useful hints for the girl who would be happy enough fascinates one herself.

She's not bold or brassy. Unlike former blonde bombshells she is unsure of herself. Her orphanage childhood explains this. She needs affection, never expects it. She makes young men feel protective.

She's a worker in spite of being the world's pin-up girl. Like any other ambitious woman, she tries to better herself. Hence the dancing, coaching, and singing lessons.

She's accessible. Success has not made her stand-offish. She still looks at the world with her heart, her humor, her dance, her humanness. As a result, she is a girl who finds it easy to make friends.

She dresses modestly but she's a fashion fadist. Shoulder straps sometimes show in pictures, and when she is barefoot, she wears sandals.

She makes sex seem fun.

There is nothing moody, temperamental or disappointing about Marilyn.

She's not greedy, and probably possesses fewer diamonds and mink than any other Hollywood star.

Marilyn Monroe's chief weakness is her want of humanity. Her discourses on babies and copulating destroy the Monroe illusion.

Men and women do not want the domestic details of her daily life.

Women and men do not want to know about her sex life.

Women and men do not want to know about her sex life.



MEET THE GIRLS: Pat (above) takes the Safe-Swim hairstyle; Sue (left) keeps the coils at the back; and Marianne (below) keeps the curls curly with just a brush. Results: Always like a mermaid—and never, NEVER like a mouse.

PICTURES BY JOHN FRENCH



Banish The Reduced Look And Restore The Bloom

By IDA JEAN KAIN

NOW and again someone who has reduced writes that she feels happy about it and wouldn't be fat again for love nor money, but explains that reducing has made her face appear thin and asks what she can do to

look like herself again... However, there is another factor. A reducing diet that is nutritionally faulty results in strain. Cut down on the foods which furnish repair and regulating materials, and wear and tear

there is comparatively little fat on the face, not much can be lost from there. Still, a few ounces lost from a lean face will show more quickly than pounds off the hips.

However, there is another factor. A reducing diet that is nutritionally faulty results in strain. Cut down on the foods which furnish repair and regulating materials, and wear and tear

there is comparatively little fat on the face, not much can be lost from there. Still, a few ounces lost from a lean face will show more quickly than pounds off the hips.

At this point you may consider that you did follow a scientific diet. To the last nutrient. Remember that a protective diet is carefully planned to include the best sources of the nutrients, and just one or two seemingly minor changes can drastically change the diet.

While dieting, it's easy to put the emphasis on reducing rather than on perfect nutrition. You may reason that since there are no calories in coffee, you can substitute coffee for milk, a sweet roll for the breakfast egg sandwich, the liver and the dark green leafy vegetables included in the menus... and then imagine you are on a good diet even though you are omitting important protective nutrients.

Try this beauty plan: Check your diet to make sure that it includes daily 2 glasses of milk (buttermilk or 2 eggs), a liberal serving of lean meat or fish or fowl, 3 vegetables, including a green leafy and a yellow 3 fruits including a citrus fruit or juice and whole grain or enriched bread. Stay with this plan for a month, eating the amount of food that holds your weight at normal. Given a little time, the protective nutrients will restore the bloom to your face.

A trio of shaper-uppers will help you to look and feel young and bring a mental and physical lift. Stretch 'em through the middle measure, bend smoothly sideways, and include for the daily time-time this one chin bender, face lifting exercise. Lie on back across the bed, shoulders, head hanging over edge of bed. Slowly raise head to chin level, three to four times twice daily.

Local agents will also recommend a facial toner if you look tired and lackluster. This will help to restore the skin to a more youthful appearance.

Remember, a facial toner

will not cure wrinkles.

Remember



MEMBERS of the Women's Royal Army Corps marching to the Victoria Garrison Church, where a plaque bearing the crest of the Corps was dedicated last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



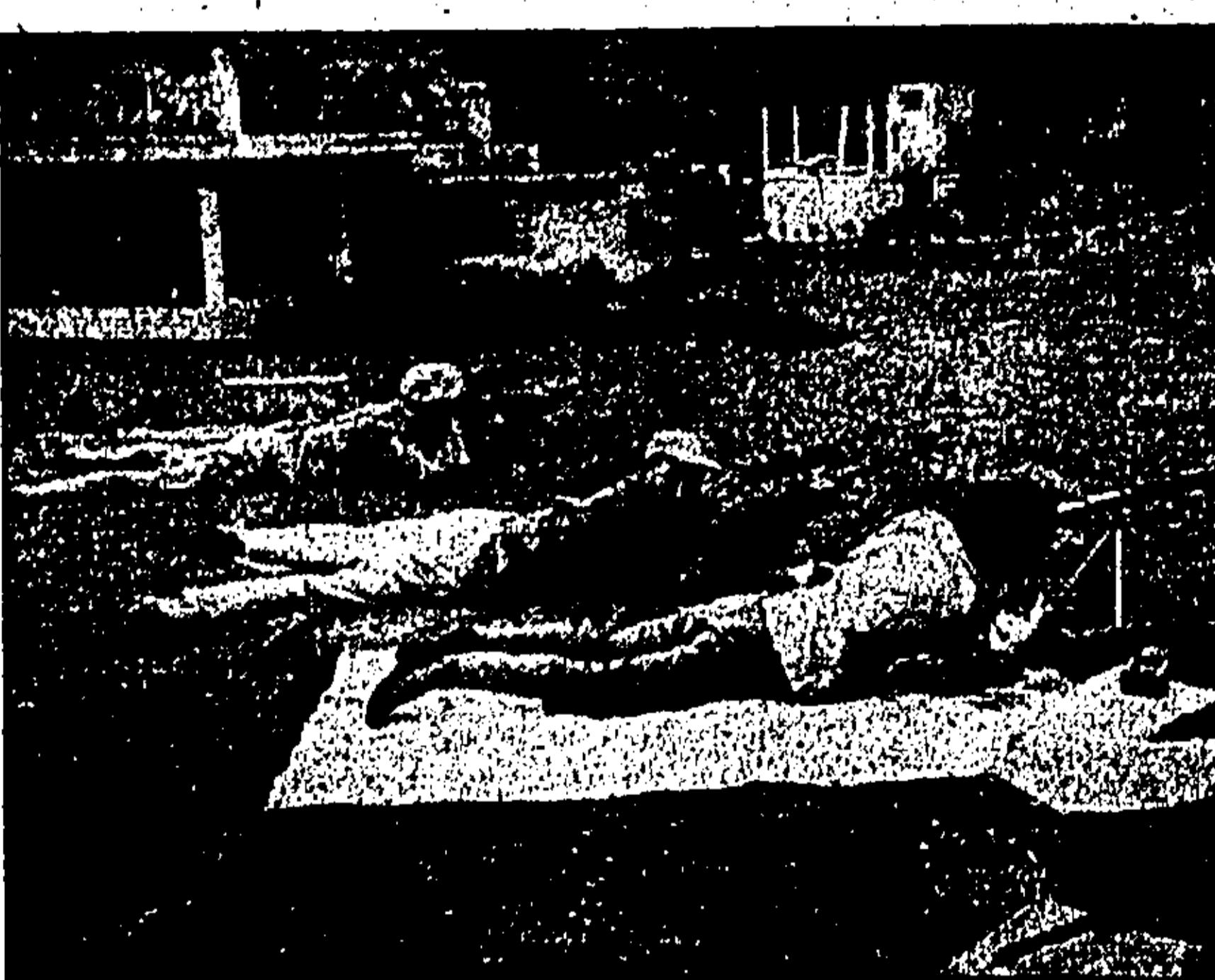
MISS Bonnie Parsons, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. J. Parsons, is surrounded by her young friends at her sixth birthday party last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



OBSERVING Battle of Britain Week in Hongkong. In top picture, Group Captain J. F. Newton is seen taking the salute at a commemoration parade held at Kai Tak. Lower picture, taken at the cocktail party given at the RAF Officers' Mess, Kai Tak, shows the AOC, Air Commodore R. C. Field, with a couple of guests. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Sugden, wife of Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, Commander, British Forces, at the new NAAFI Shop which she opened at Kowloon Tsui to serve the needs of the growing number of Service families in the area. (Army PRO)



LEFT: Christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Michael Stephen, son of Mr and Mrs T. D. Oakes. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Family group taken after the christening at St Joseph's Church last Sunday of Rory John, son of Mr and Mrs B. Sheehan. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: At the opening shoot of the Hongkong Rifle Association's Small Bore League last Sunday at the Hongkong Gun Club. (Staff Photographer)

New styles —

Blouses
Sweaters
Jumpers

in

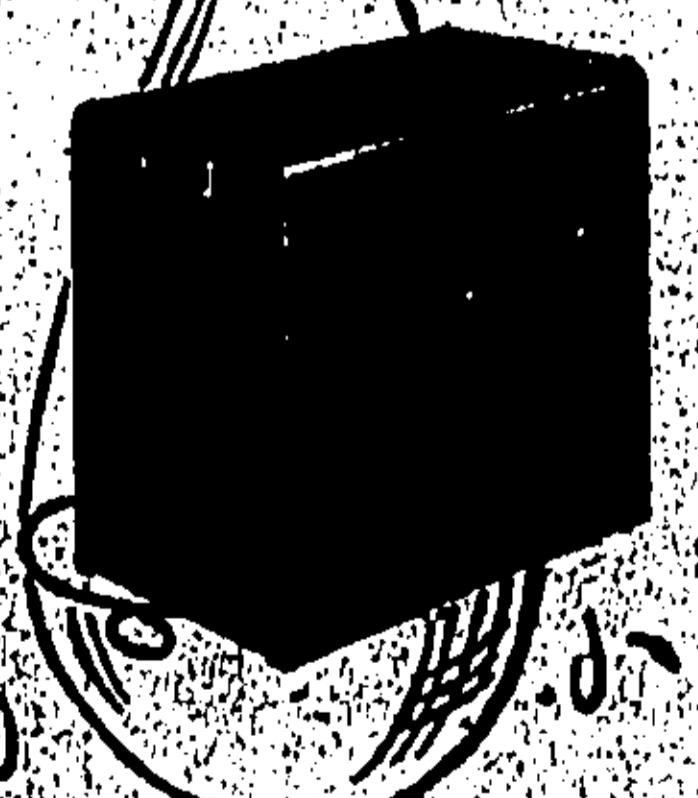
all sizes and all colours

Paquerette
Gloves and BHK - WA - One Voice



OASIS Air Drier stops moisture damage

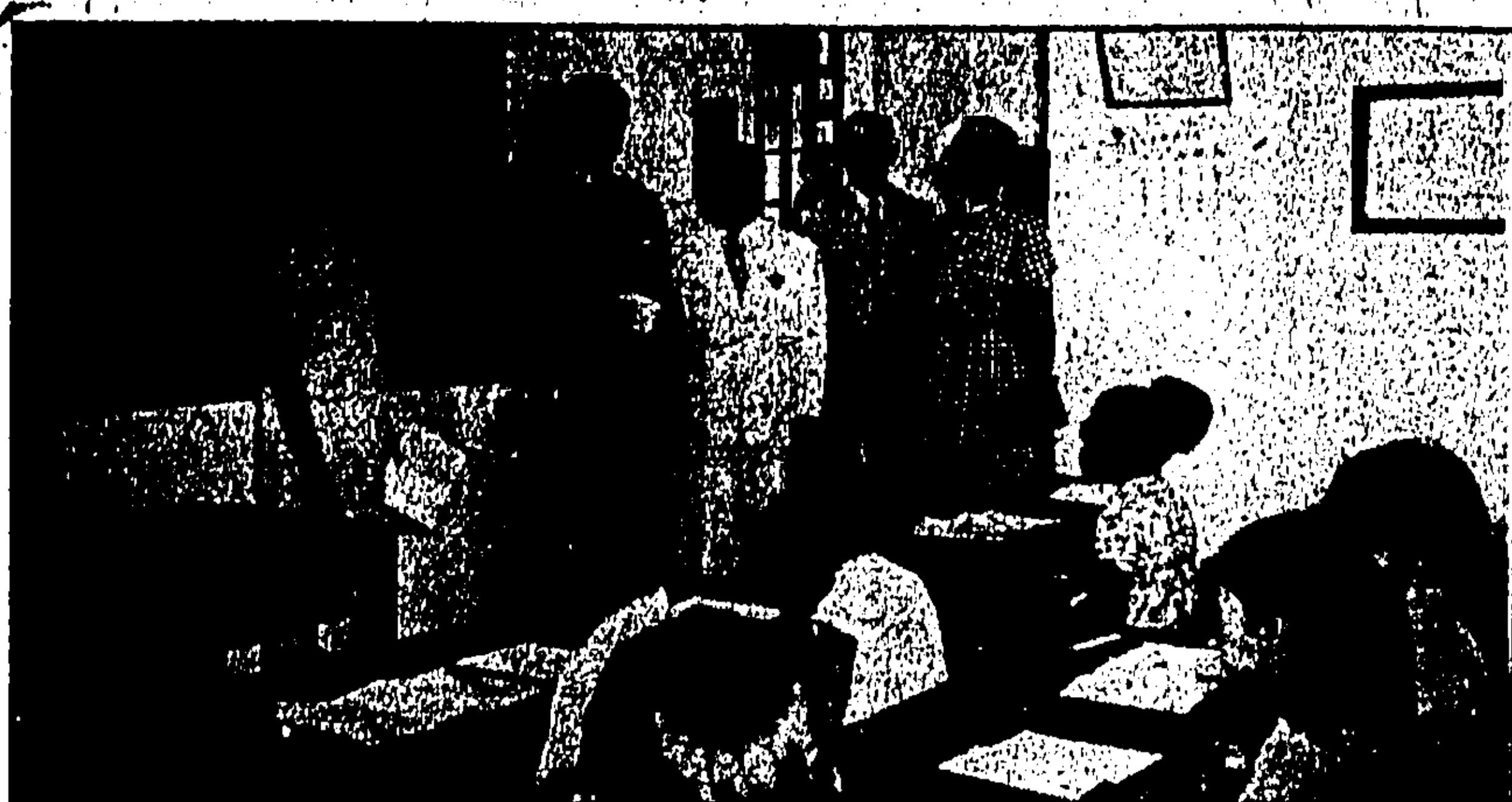
- Removes moisture by electrical refrigeration
- Takes up to 3 gallons of water a day from humid air
- Costs only a few cents a day to operate
- Small in size, only 12 1/4" wide, 16 1/4" high, 18" long



OASIS Air Drier
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CALIFORNIA

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HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government and Mrs R. B. Black inspect one of the classes in session during their visit to the Po Leung Kuk on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Protected from the rain by umbrellas held aloft by the groom's brother officers, Commander R. S. S. Ingham and his bride, the former Miss Helen Grace, leave Holy Trinity Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

BRIDAL group outside the Rosary Church, Kowloon, after the wedding of Mr Roberto Artur d'Almada Remedios and Miss Catherine Leonora dos Remedios. (Staff Photographer)

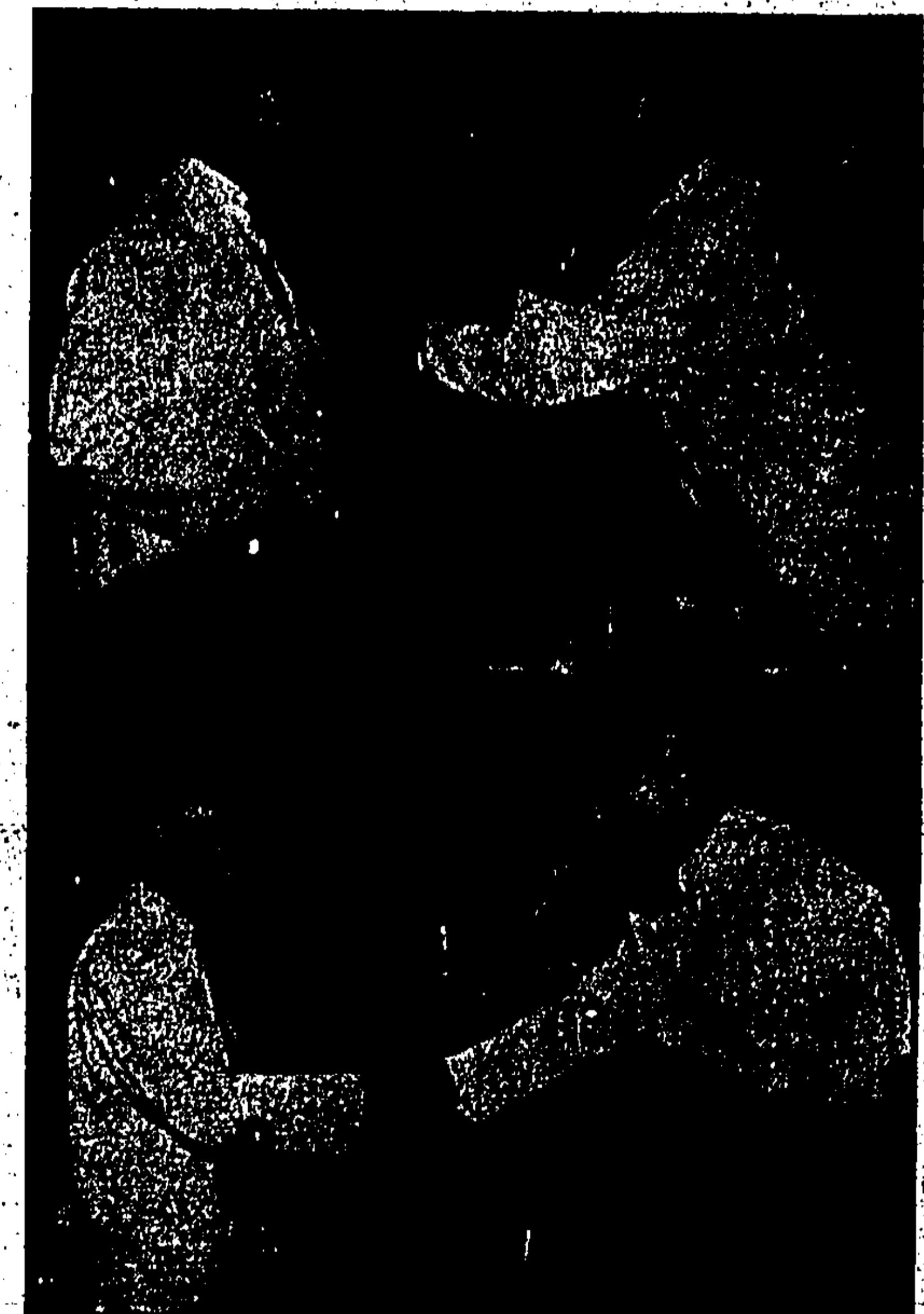


TELLING the story of their 18 months' captivity in Red China after their release on Wednesday are, from left, Don Dixon (in white vest), Richard Applegate and Ben Krosner. The three Americans were captured near Hongkong when they went on a pleasure cruise in the yacht Kart in March last year. (Staff Photographer)



BELLOW: Picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of John Philip, infant son of Mr and Mrs A. G. Gardner. (Staff Photographer)

PETER, son of Mr and Mrs D. R. Holmes, prepares to blow out the candles on his birthday cake at his anniversary party. He was five last Monday. (Mayfair)



TWO members of the Hongkong Rotary Club who received awards for 100 percent attendance are seen at the Club's Ladies' Night last week, when Mr. George Lin, Past President, presented badges to them. Above: Mr. Ross Coombs receiving his badge. Lower picture: Mr. Alfred Ho receives congratulations from Mr. Lin. (Staff Photographer)



MR John Stericker giving YWCA members some words of advice on the hobby of photography at a gathering on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



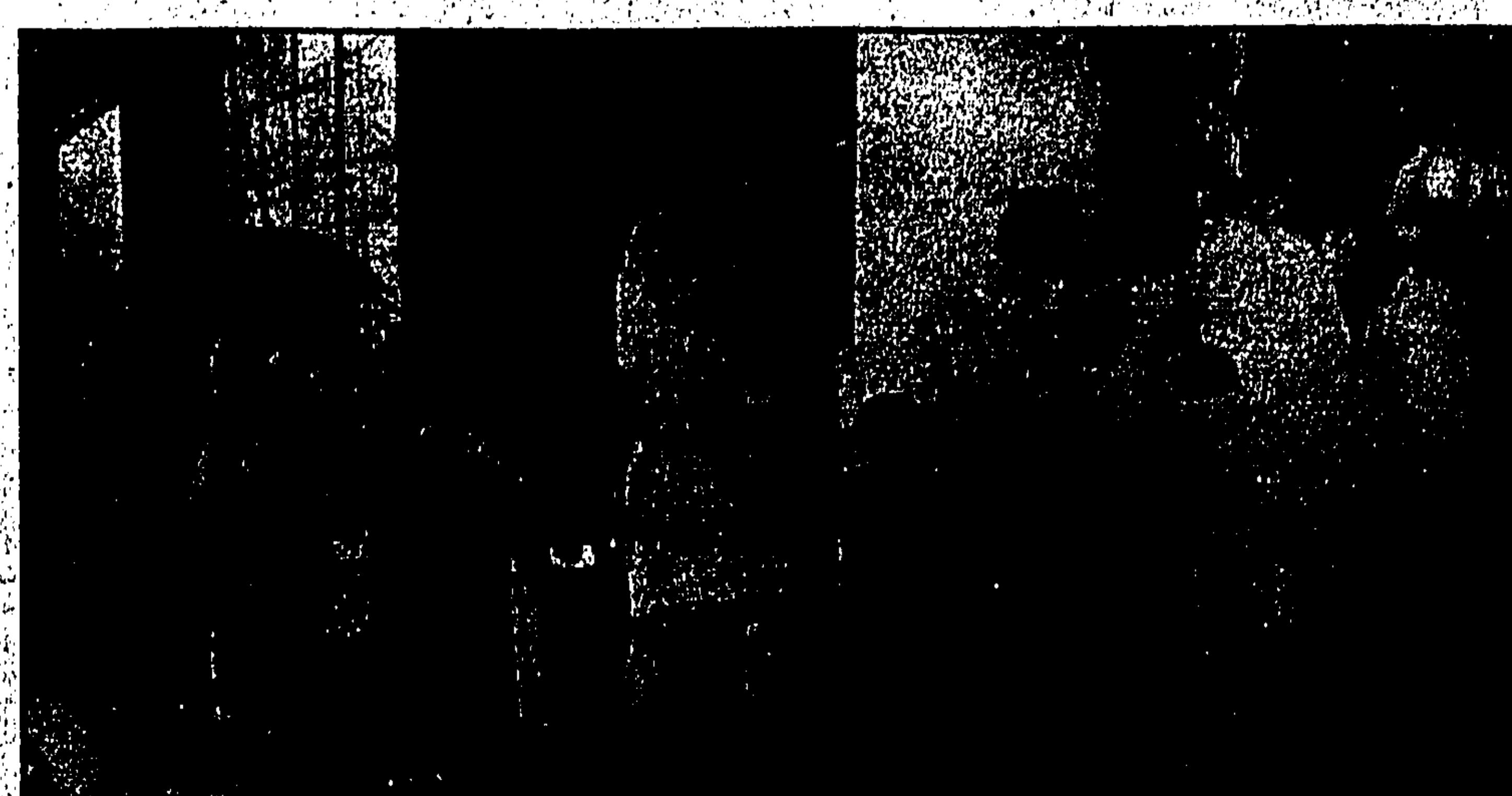
Don't wait till the heatwaves hit the headlines... H.K. MERCURY REACHES 93.5 AUGUST 15, 1954

Install a Westinghouse Room Air Conditioner

- COOLS IN SUMMER
- WARM'S IN WINTER

You can be sure... it's Westinghouse

DAVIE, BOAG & CO LTD., SOLE AGENTS, ALEXANDRA HOUSE, 141 QUEEN'S ROAD



MR P. T. Motwani, President of the Society of Keller to his弟子/Associates at the Hindu Temple on Motwani Road, "Charming Day". (Staff Photographer)

PREPARE
NOW
FOR YOUR
WINTER GOLF!

FULL RANGES
of

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GOLF SHOES

for

MEN & WOMEN,

NOW IN STOCK.

RUBBER SOLED OR

WITH ANGLE SPIKES.

REPAIR SERVICE
Spare rubber soles and heels, spare
studs in all sizes for men's & women's
shoes; spare studded soles for men's

MACKINTOSH'S

ALEXANDRA ARCADE

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AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

SLEEP WHEN YOU CAN

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

MANY people are possessed with sleeplessness when they cannot, do not wish to, or ought not sleep, as in church or when being entertained by people with one idea and a few thousand words. Or they cannot sleep when they have the opportunity. Or both. What to do?

Workers on night shifts have trouble sleeping in the daytime. Drivers get sleepy at the wheel. Students doze over their books, then go to bed and toss and turn, sleepless. What's the answer?

One of the answers is to follow a normal sleep pattern and take advantage of sleepiness by sleeping whenever the opportunity presents. Not long ago I travelled with an acquaintance who said he never

could sleep on a train. Shortly thereafter, our conversation lapsed and we started reading; in a few minutes he was asleep in his seat, his head bobbing precariously with the motion of the train. Next morning at breakfast, haggard and jittery, he demanded coffee, hot, strong black and often—complained he had hardly slept at all. If he had retired to his berth early, taking advantage of after-dinner repose and sleepiness, he could have had several hours of good sleep. Upon awaking, he could have read until he was sleepy again and then gone to sleep. Instead he fought the train, himself, and his fear of sleeplessness, all night, and turned up a wreck in the morning.

Workers on night shifts have trouble sleeping in the daytime. Drivers get sleepy at the wheel. Students doze over their books, then go to bed and toss and turn, sleepless. What's the answer?

One of the answers is to

Night workers often have bad sleeping habits which account for many of their difficulties. The worst of these is irregularity. Regular sleep hours in daytime are as important as during the night because habit is a powerful factor in human living. Delay in getting to sleep when coming off duty is another poor practice. By postponing sleep, the sleep impulse is lost. Activity stimulates mind and body, and fatigue sets in when the opportunity for sleeping has passed.

Daytime sleepers need to take more care with their sleeping arrangements than those who sleep at night. There are few silent places in the daytime. In the centre of the city there are traffic and activity noises; in the suburbs there are dogs, children and neighbours. Even considerate people can hardly be expected to hush their lives for the convenience of the daytime sleeper. So he must provide, as best he can, his own privacy against the two most insidious enemies of daytime sleep—light and sound. In addition to a darkened room, he may need an eye cover, of black but not too heavy cloth, lightly tied on with strings. He may need to use ear stoppers. These can be plugged into the outer ear—not the ear canal—and will deaden sound sufficiently to make sleep possible. But you can still hear that confounded alarm. Unhappily, even the lightest sleepers have to get up.

Some Fragrant Ideas

Potpourri, Sachets And Rose Beads

TO add charm to your home at this time when gardens are at their best, keep your rooms airy and fragrant.

Perhaps you would like to make your own potpourri. This old-fashioned mixture of dried flower petals and spices, beloved by generations of housewives, is not very hard to make and will add an indefinable elegance to closets, bureau drawers and other nooks where you place it.

Four of potpourri may be left in various vantage places filling the air with perfume.

Pluck petals from roses, spread out to dry. Sprinkle well with table salt to draw out the moisture and help prevent mould. Turn the leaves daily for about three days. An easy way to handle them is on a box lid. When dry and crisp, dredge with red rose sachet powder. Then put the mixture of petals and powder in a tightly closed box for at least 24 hours.

To make sachet bags, use four layers of net, rayon or tulle cut in eight-inch squares.

Cut another round the size of a teacup, at least two-ply, and place on bottom of sachet square to keep powder from sifted through. Draw up the four corners of the square, tie tightly with ribbon, then round or fringe the corners for decoration.

For travelling, make flat pads by folding tulle. For use in closets add loops of ribbon for hanging. Or just stuff the square, as is, into the recesses of cushioned chairs and sofas. Place on closet shelves. In hat boxes, and tuck here and there among bed linens and towels in the linen closet.

For another fragrant idea, try making rose beads.

Gather roses on a clear day and chop the petals fine. Place in saucepan and barely cover with water. Heat for about an hour, but do not allow to boil.

Repeat this for three days, and, if necessary, add more water, always keeping the rose brew at a moderate heat.

Make the beads by working the pulp into balls with the fingers. When thoroughly well worked, let them dry moderately. Then press into a large needle, being sure to make a hole exactly in the centre of the miniature balls. Move the beads frequently until absolutely dry, or they will be difficult to remove from the needle without breaking.

The beads will retain a delicate fragrance for years, especially after being warmed in the hand for a few minutes.

If a black bead is desired, and they are most attractive, use a rusty tin rather than a regular saucepan for cooking the petals.

Try glamorizing this simple menu which I learned from my great-great-aunt. It's fun!

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Sprinkle buttered beets with a little fresh ground allspice.

THE GLAMOUR OF SIMPLE FOODS

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"MADAME, this dinner is a good example of what you term the glamour of simple foods," announced the Chef.

"It is not necessary to use much trimming to make food look appetising. When properly cooked, neatly arranged for colour contrast and sparingly garnished, it always looks glamorous."

Our touring party of four was dining at famous restaurant. The Chef had ordered braised short ribs with brown gravy, whipped potato and green beans.

"Remark," he remarked, "how the meat is served over the gravy, and not covered with it, which would be unglamorous. The tomato wedge and parsley add a nice colour note."

Betty Dodd, our hostess-guide, was enjoying ham steak grilled with a pineapple ring centred with a small prune, fresh asparagus and candied baby carrots.

From our second guide, an I had chosen fresh lobster squares lightly sauteed in butter, topped with drawn butter and arranged in deep dishes bordered with toast points.

Try glamorizing this simple menu which I learned from my great-great-aunt. It's fun!

DINNER
Hot or Jellied Consommé
Pressed Beef Loaf
Buttered Beets
Potato, Green Pepper and Cucumber Salad
Peach-Nut Crisp
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

Pressed Beef Loaf: Cover 5 lbs. thick skin of beef with boiling water; add 1 tbsp. salt. Cover; simmer 3 hr. or until the meat is very tender.

Chop fine; season with 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate; add salt and pepper to taste.

Meantime, to the broth, add 1/4 tsp. each sage and thyme, and 1/16th spoonful nutmeg. Simmer until reduced to 1 c. Strain into the meat. Rub a 9x6x3-in. loaf pan with oil; pack in the meat. Refrigerate 12 hr. Serve thin-sliced, preferably with a salad.

Peach Nut Crisp: Peel and halve 6 fresh, good-size peaches. Rub a 9-in. pie plate with butter or margarine; dust with 1 tbsp. granulated sugar.

In this, arrange the peach halves, rounded side up. Dust with 1/3 c. sugar; add 1/4 c. water; cover with Nut-Crisp Topping; slow-bake at 350° F. or until browned. Serve warm or cold plain or with ice cream.

Nut-Crisp Topping: Work together until crumbly 1/3 c. enriched flour, 3 tbsp. any kind finely-chopped nuts, 3 tbsp. butter, 1/3 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. clove or cinnamon.

In this, arrange the peach halves, rounded side up. Dust with 1/3 c. sugar; add 1/4 c. water; cover with Nut-Crisp Topping; slow-bake at 350° F. or until browned. Serve warm or cold plain or with ice cream.

No one would think of making "chow" or "grub" in this ranch house kitchen.

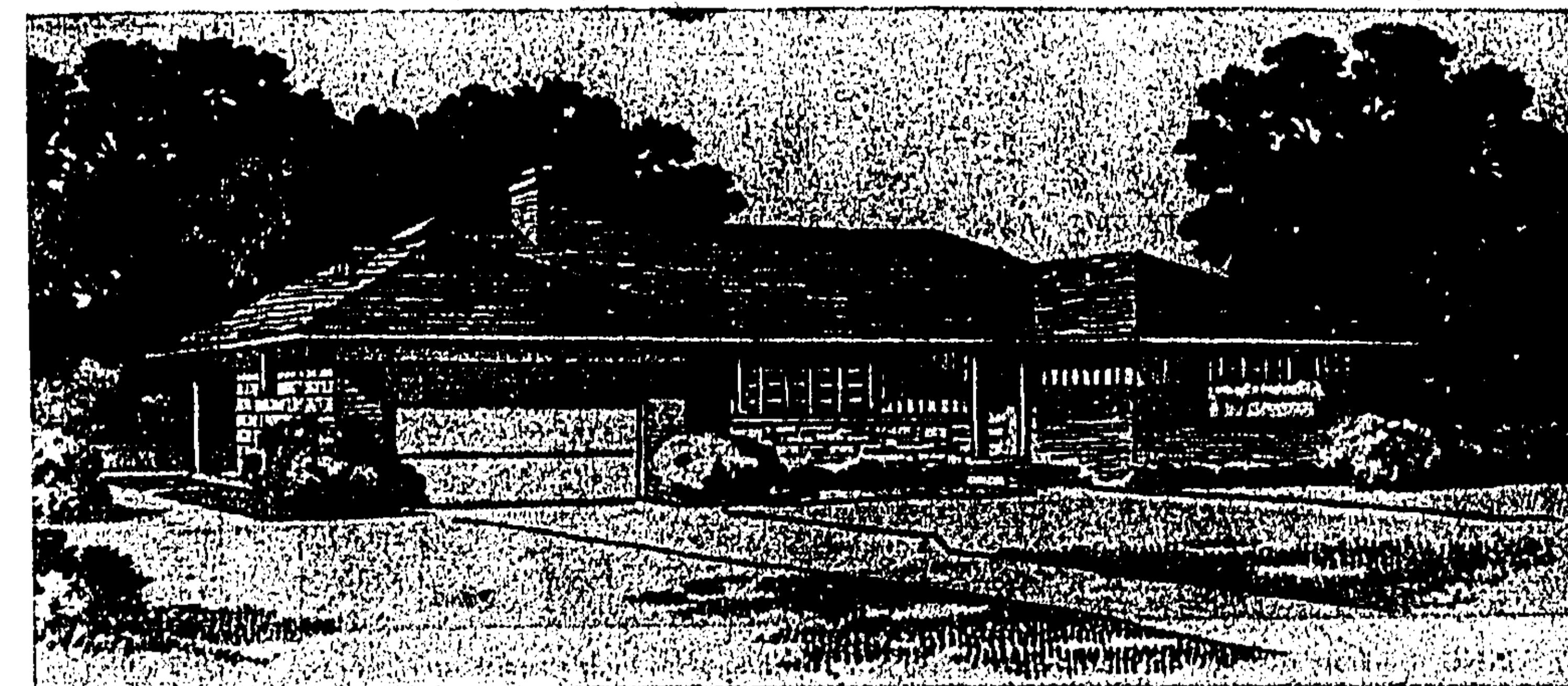
It's far too fancy for such slangy talk. One corner's given over to a built-in dinette, while the work area's equipped with a double sink and countless cabinets and appliances.

In the bedroom wing, closets are super-storage

* Comfort And Elegance *



THE EXTERIOR CONSTRUCTION of House No. J-3356 combines fieldstone, shingle and siding, giving this luxurious home the air of a country club. Note flower boxes under windows and at the entrance.



THERE'S A SPACIOUS, hospitable look to this ranch house, Design No. J-3360. Behind the 2-car garage, a delightful covered porch is ideally planned for summer dining.

By Joan O'Sullivan

THE two ranch houses shown here are duded up with wonderful luxury features.

Plan J-3356 has the elegant air of a country club. It's a handsome house of fieldstone, shingle and siding with long, clean lines that make it a showplace.

The plan comprises 1,600 square feet and is 57 feet almost 33 feet of window wall, including French doors which open on a delightful patio.

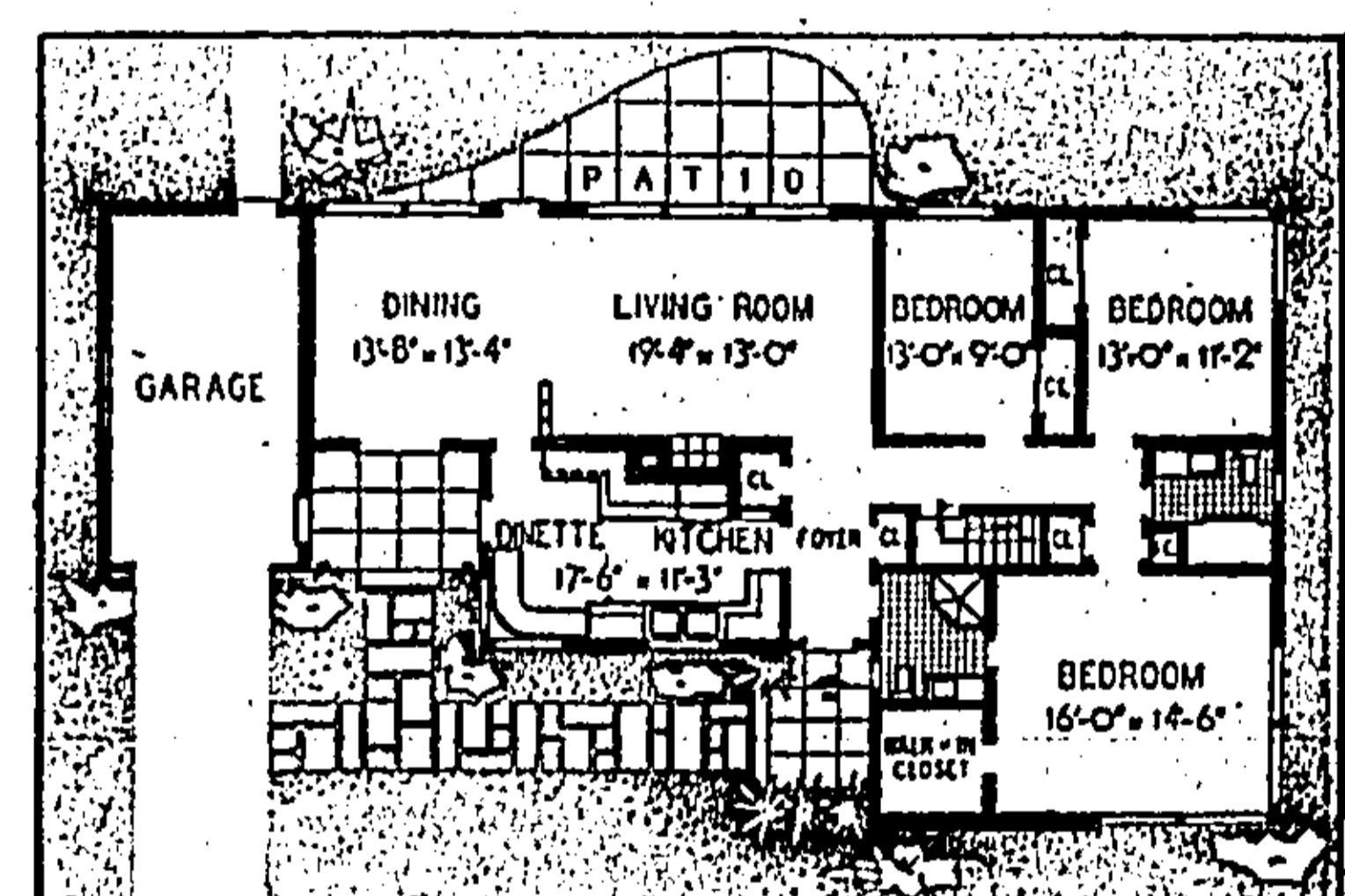
The other ranch house, Plan No. J-3360, is a luxury home, too.

A handsome fireplace highlights the spacious living room with its decorative multi-paned picture window. From this area, step into the separate dining room, where another picture window captures a garden view.

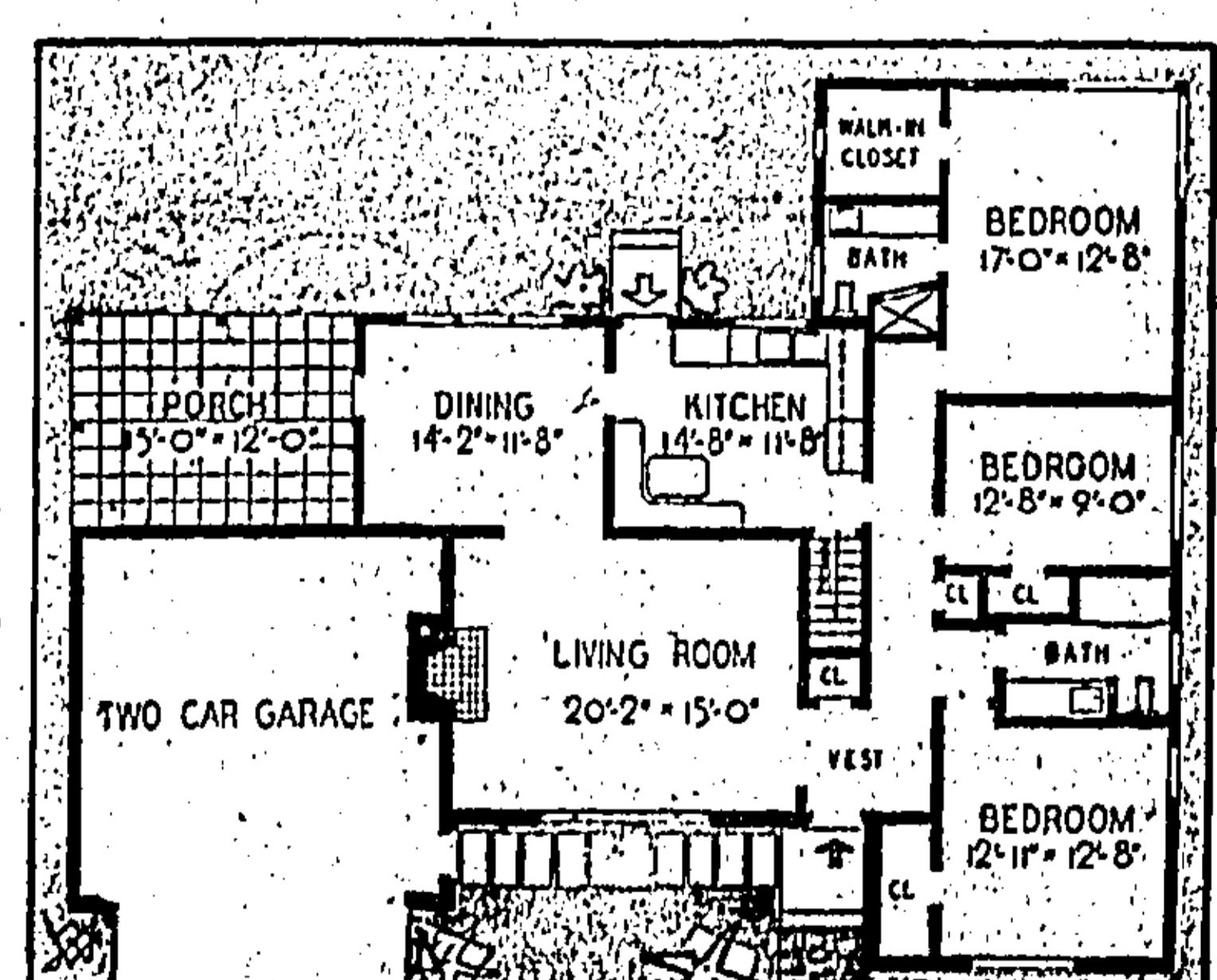
At one end of the dining room, a doorway opens on a covered porch, an ideal setting for summer meals. From the other end of the room, you can step into the kitchen with its built-in breakfast nook. Note, too, that the kitchen has easy access to the front entry via a hallway, which is a traffic-saver for the living room.

Two junior bedrooms share a bath, while the master bedroom has a shower-vanity-lavatory all its own, and a walk-in closet with a window big enough to be a dressing room.

A FIREPLACE HIGHLIGHTS the living room of Plan J-3360. The kitchen, which is accessible from both front and back entrances, has a built-in dining nook.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS comes into the combination living-dining area of Plan J-3356 in a window wall 33 feet long across the back of the house.



A FIREPLACE HIGHLIGHTS the living room of Plan J-3360. The kitchen, which is accessible from both front and back entrances, has a built-in dining nook.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Materials which are apt to shrink on contact with water should be treated when still damp, and stretched gently under the warm iron.

An occasional clean with salt and vinegar will prevent your leather furniture becoming too hard to use. It will soon be soft and smooth again.

Wrap white tissue or cotton ruffles in white tissue paper, if

they have to be stored away for any length of time; this will one minute, then remove paper, prevent the articles from yellowing.

Dip a fowl into boiling water before plucking. The feathers will come out easily and with little risk of the flesh tearing.

When you boil vegetables, add two tablespoons of vinegar to one pint of water, and cover the pan. This will help to prevent the vegetables becoming too soft.

When you boil fruit juice, add one cupful of sugar to the juice, which is to be used.

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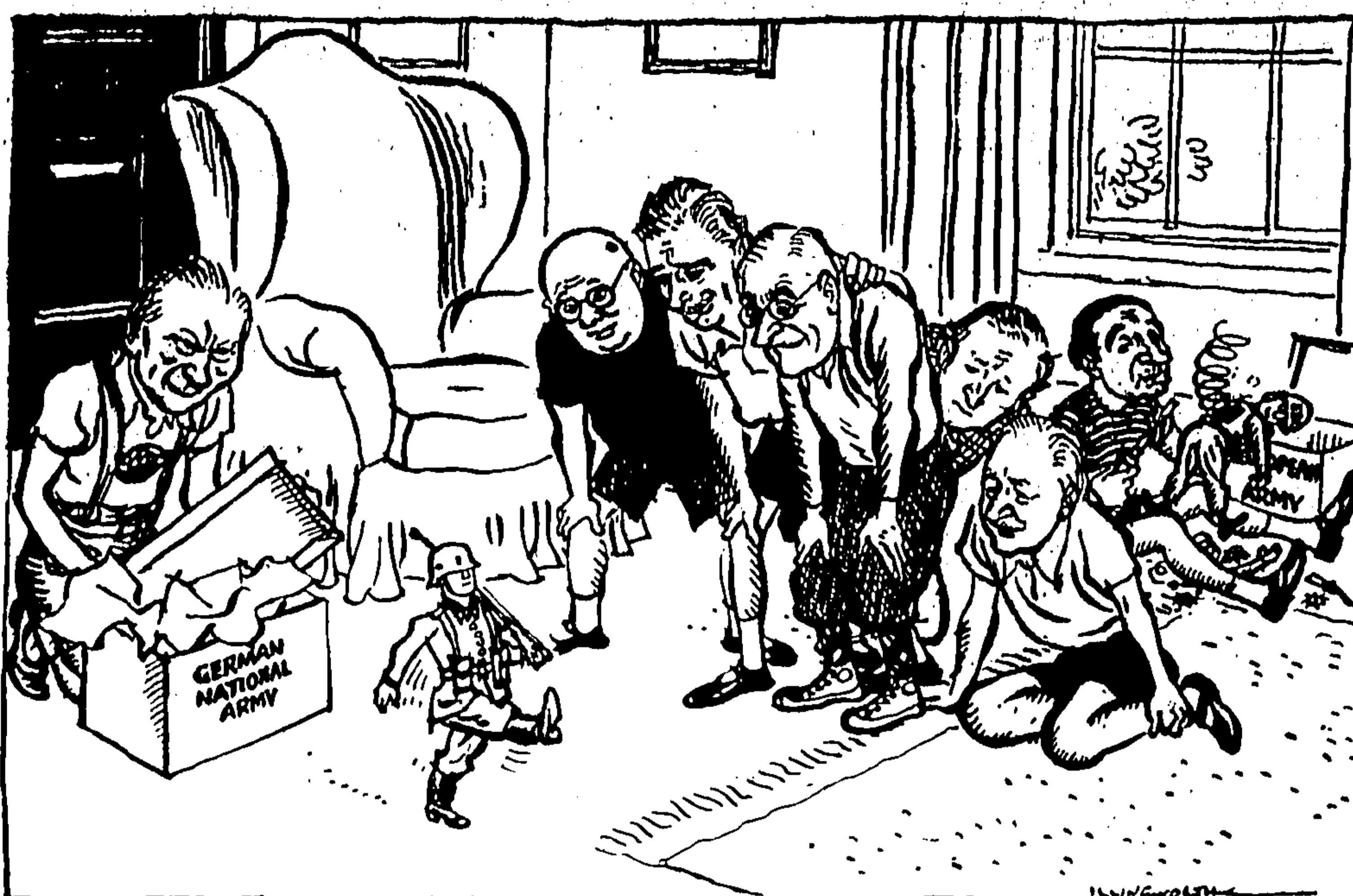
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THE NEW TOY



by Illingworth

EXILES of EARL'S COURT RD.

SURVEYS of refugee aid records recently completed show that some 13,000 ex-Soviet subjects are settled in Britain as factory, farm or blackcoat workers.

They grow roses, drink beer, watch football, sometimes play it, even buy houses on the instalment plan.

by FRANCIS MARTIN

every Russian novel you ever read.

DP emigres are easy to spot at these lectures. As distinct from the others, they are youngish. Their English clothes, whether off-the-peg or not, hang upon them in a family alien way. But they love the English social system.

Accustomed to a spartan standard of living, the second-wave emigre works hard, saves hard and carries his money about in wads.

★

His big ambition is to buy a little house on the instalment plan in the English way.

The London records of the Tolstoy Foundation, a refugee aid organisation, show that 15 ex-Soviet citizens have either bought houses or inquired about house-buying procedure during the last two months alone.

Refugees with more money help those with less. The most striking case of mutual aid on the Foundation's books is that of Vasily and Maria. I do not mention their full names because refugees with relatives in Russia are chary of being identified.

Vasily is 45, a former Soviet clerk, now doing gardening and other manual work in London. Maria is 47, a skilled dressmaker. Vasily met and married her after their release from different

In the basement kitchen here Gabriel Safronovitch, stocky and leather-skinned, helps cook *kasha* (buckwheat porridge), *pirogi* (pancakes with savoury filling) and *vareniki* (sweet pancakes) for a dozen or so old and helpless exiles who have their dining-room and bedrooms either upstairs or at a "sister" house in Warwick Road. Former NCO in a Kuban Cossack regiment, Gabriel, who has no syllable of English, shops by sign language in Earl's Court Road and dreams of many far-off things. The spring grass coming up on his native Steppe. The battles he fought with fellow Whites against the Reds during the Civil War. His horse Voronoi (Blackie) which his father gave him on his eighteenth birthday. The bullet in Voronoi's foot-lock. His parting with Voronoi when he and his comrades were evacuated to Yugoslavia via Lemnos.

While Gabriel was dreaming thus on a recent night, a bold, bright little man, once a university student in St. Petersburg (as emigres insist on calling Leningrad), read Pushkin aloud to a hundred or so intense listeners on the floor above. On the walls were oil paintings of the late Tsar and Tsarina, a water-colour of the Kremlin in the winter, and an engraving of a giant Cossack with lance, carbine and sabre. They all listened intently on the assumption that there was there a performance worth the price of admission. But the student had now opened with "Tzarina, we

A. H. Science! At a single day's meeting of the British Association I learned:

That thumb-sucking is not a prelude to disaster.

That the cosmos may or may not (depending on how you look at it) be busily creating itself out of nothing all the time.

That fat boys are confident and thin ones are bright.

And, finally, that:

"Julius Caesar Squashed his wife with a lemon squeezer."

All this struck me as frighteningly important—until I went away and thought about it over a beer.

Then I began to have my doubts. This business about Julius Caesar, for instance. It transpires that this staggering pronouncement was gathered by a Mr Peter Ouse during a search for nursery rhymes.

Its significance, we were informed solemnly, was that it was not a proper nursery rhyme to write "Caesar" as "Caesar" and never mention the name again, as it would scare the children. So the story was born.

This opens new possibilities in the investigation of social communication.

We are glad that Mr Ouse has not discovered the social significance of lavatory walls. (An American anthropologist is already working on THAT.)

And take that item about thumb-sucking. I was once second to none at thumb-sucking and, having concluded some time ago that I was still

"No swearing or beer spilling in this hall." It was erected in 1812 as a warning to the servants.

Look at that inscription carefully. It proscribes just two deadly sins. It leaves no doubt about the thing. Curse or spit beer at your peril.

The owners of Apley Castle were wiser men.

Yet at first glance there is something strange about the transaction. Why is a notice board worth £30?

Servants are still not encouraged to swear in the dining room. Small children, every where are prohibited from this sort of conviviality.

Today to name 10 deadly sins and the chances are not one will list beer spilling among them.

A man who would hesitate to rob a bank would probably allow beer about with gay abandon and think himself hard done by if he had to mutter more than two words of apology.

Look at the consequences of the two sins:

Rob a bank and the insurance company pays up. The company is not a little money, but happily so. If no one robbed banks, there would be no insurance business to be transacted.

No doubt, however, ought to be cast on this. It is because prevention is better than cure. And so on.

It is not, however, of this kind of establishment.

Suppose boys grow fat just because they are easy-going and confident? And suppose some boys stay thin just because they are more highly strung and inclined to slog away at the books?

Where is the British Association then?

As for the cosmos, we are told by the professors, it is "really a very difficult matter, you know."

As if we didn't.

Suppose boys grow fat just because they are easy-going and confident? And suppose some boys stay thin just because they are more highly strung and inclined to slog away at the books?

The fountain has had to be turned off several times this summer—as it is now—to be closed out. But this will be the last time.

Bronze grilles are to be fitted in the basin to catch the litter. A wise plan. But how and it is that they should be necessary.

From TV, new voices

TELEVISION is creating a new public for lectures.

You would have thought it would keep people home. On the contrary, people are filling big halls to hear the men and women they have got to know on TV.

Wilfrid Van Wyck, who used

to promote music exclusively,

have gone into the lecture business.

Violet Palmer, who has taken

over this side of the business,

tells me they have arranged five lectures for this autumn at the Royal Festival Hall.

Gilbert Harding is going to

talk on the arts: "How to Enjoy Them Without Knowing Too Much About Any of Them."

Lady Barnett, who is 36, will

lecture on "The Art of Growing Old."

George Lowe, who took part

in the Everest climb, will give a

report on this year's expedition

to the Himalayas. He has

brought back pictures of Sir Edmund Hillary being carried

down the mountain when he was taken ill.

Radio made a new public for

lectures. It looks as if TV will

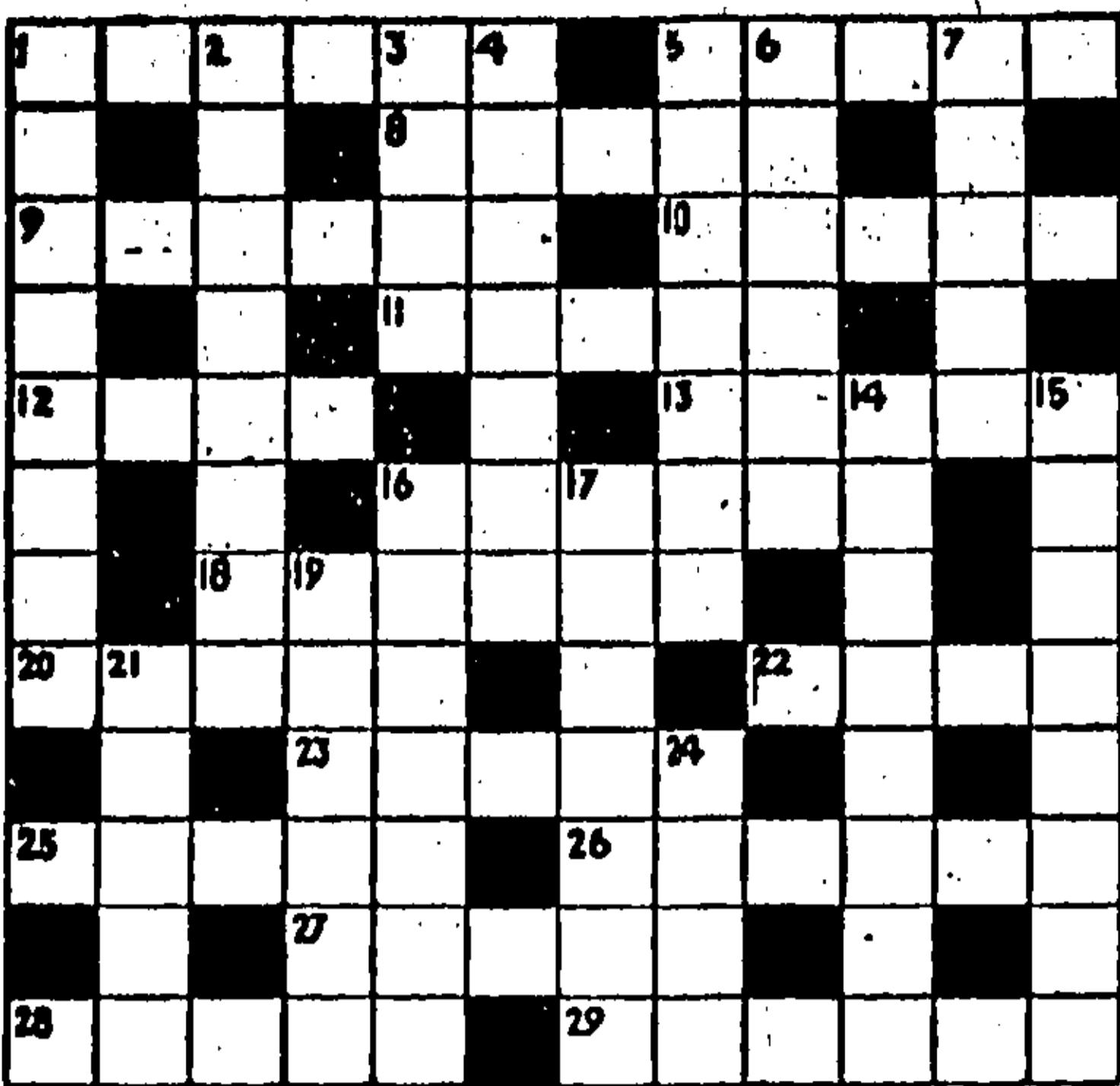
make a new public for

lectures.

With these, these

lectures, these

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1 Duplicated (6).
5 Dizzy (5).
8 Uncanny (4).
9 Piece (6).
10 Solitary (5).
11 Feel (5).
12 Egg-shaped (4).
13 Makes supplication (5).
18 Loatho (6).
19 Reviled (6).
20 View (5).
22 Vocalise discharge (4).
23 Incursions (5).
25 Mad (6).
26 Merited (6).
27 Gem (5).
28 Mount (5).
29 Heavy food (alang) (6).

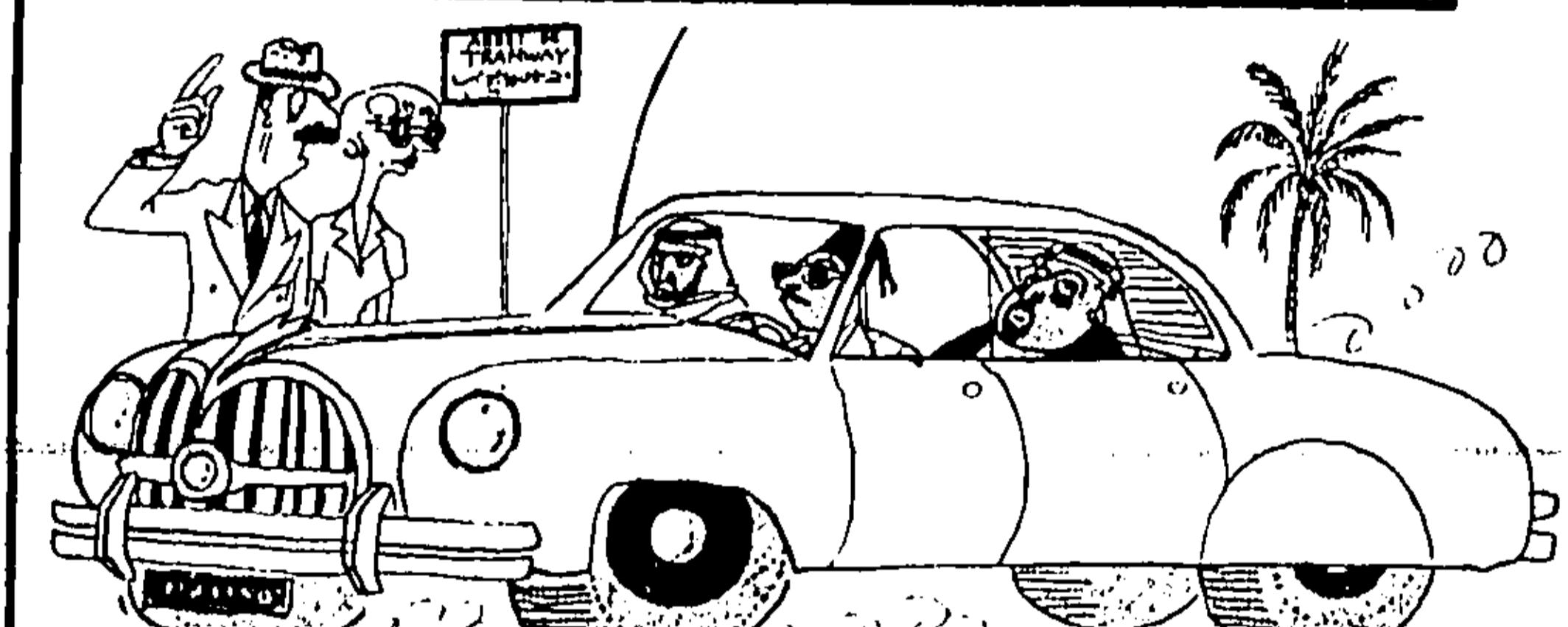
YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—ACROSS: 2 Acid, 7 Slope, 8 Arid, 9 Fleet, 10 Proceed, 12 Ashes, 16 Ulcers, 18 Fins, 19 Irons, 21 Heaven, 22 Knives, 23 Fleet, 26 Golf, 29 Aneroid, 30 Exit, 31 Flea, 32 Rapid, 33 Tidy Town, 34 Ash, 35 Sings, 37 Brag, 38 Evil, 39 Bet, 40 22 Kept, 24 Laird, 25 21st, 26 Oils, 28 Feat.

DOWN

1 Makes up (8).
2 Manner of speaking (8).
3 Sheep (4).
4 Expunges (7).
5 Clutches (7).
6 Loafers (6).
7 Drab (5).
8 Reached (8).
15 Silk astride (8).
16 Feared (7).
17 Offers (7).
19 Not matured (6).
21 Cunning (5).
24 Condiment (4).

LADY LITTLEHAMPTON IN THE MIDDLE EAST—3

Osbert Lancaster spreads himself across three columns today



"Kingsley Martin's right! The time has come to reconsider the whole question of our traditional relationship with the non-European peoples."

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

CLOTHES FOR DETECTIVES
Sherlock Holmes touch about the Hendon Police College effort to make London detectives clothes-conscious so that they can improve their disguises without wigs, false beards, or dark glasses.

Scotland Yard like to see detectives in natural clothes and looking anything except a CID officer.

The College tutors have many times related the story of ex-detective Ted Collins, a Wiltshire man who spent years in the Force and was known as "The Farmer." His country-type clothes, West Country accent and rural mannerisms fooled many criminals and earned him the nickname of the Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

Most recruits nowadays favour navy blazers, sportin' their old school badges, modern style suits, or bucking jackets. One South London detective recently gave evidence wearing the cloth cap and choker of a barrow boy.

Says a Yard senior detective inspector: "The days are gone when a plain-clothes man could be spotted a mile away because he wore a uniform under his fawn raincoat."

BEER-TASTERS Eighty-five won't drink

British beer will be set before 30 men at next month's exhibition at London's Olympia of the Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition, but hurry a drop of it will they drink.

They will merely smell it, hold it to the light and take a

sip here and there but not swallow it.

The men are some of Britain's best beer judges and their job is to pick out the champion ship brews from a record 755 entries.

Here is how the experts seek out a good brew: First hold the beer to the light to examine it for brilliance and polish. Then look for a soft, creamy head that doesn't go off like scumups. Next test for nose or aroma—a good beer should have a pleasant aroma.

The last and most important test is for flavour. The beer should not be too sweet, or it won't have the necessary palate fullness. Neither must it be so bitter as to give a rough taste.

FORTUNES IN THE AIR What is making a quick million? It's easy in the United States. All you have to do is open up a television station and then sell it—at vast profit!

For a start you get a channel of air from the Government, or rather a licence to use a certain channel. The licence costs nothing, though a £2 licence costs three dollars. The only snag is you must prove to the Licence Commissioners you have \$250,000 to set up the station.

Well, the United States has almost run out of channels, and now TV stations are being traded just like commodities. Prices run high. Several have sold for \$3,000,000.

Only 70 channels remain to be allocated by the Government. There are 105 applicants for them. Some sharp deals are in the air.

UNPARALLELED It is not in CRIME WAVE Chicago, or

Berlin, that one may now look for the world's worst crime figures, but in outwardly respectable, even-tempered New Zealand. The trial and conviction of the two teenage girls who murdered the mother of one of them have helped to spotlight crime statistics in this country, but figures prove that this case is but a symbol of a nation-wide rot.

RUSSIAN In future, according to an announcement by Czechoslovakia's amalgamated Trade Union, no Czech citizen will be allowed to hold any position of importance unless he, or she, can speak fluent Russian. The Union explains that no one can be well versed in up-to-date industrial methods or local government unless they have read Russian text books!

WASTING An institute for space-ship research is to be established in Stuttgart this autumn. Revealing this, Dr Fritz Gerlach, chairman of the German Society for Space Research, adds that the institute is being financed by the West German Government, by the State of Baden-Wuerttemberg and by German industrialists.

At the moment there are no

Allied restrictions on the

theoretical study of rocket pro-

pulsion by Germany although,

says Dr Gerlach, experiments

involving actual rockets will

have to wait until the Allied ban

on general German-aeronautical research is lifted.

Nevertheless, believing that

this day won't be far off, the

institute is already offering the

post of institute director to Dr

Eugen Saenger, one of Ger-

many's foremost rocket experts.

It was Dr Saenger who helped

develop the V-weapons which

Hitler unleashed on London.

New Zealand has a worse crime rate than Britain, France or Germany. In cold, hard figures, the dominion, in proportion to population, has 50 percent more people in prisons, one and a half times as many young people sentenced to hospital, and twice as many young people sentenced to prison as in Britain.

These appalling figures also show that sex offences are one and a half times more prevalent than the capitals, the fact that punishment is consistently heavier. In short, New Zealand has the worst crime record in the Commonwealth and one far worse than most European countries.

The chief headache is caused by recidivism—the repetition of crimes by an already convicted person. Of 900 convicts serving sentences of more than three months, more than 80 percent have previous convictions.

MAKING For the first time in RAIN sunny Spanish territory, apparently still sunny, artificial rain is being used to overcome the effects of prolonged drought. The Spanish Government has started the scheme in Spain's

Morocco where particles of

ice or silver are being "shot"

into the air from the ground to

"stimulate the formation of

cloud masses."

The worst-drought areas

are the Rif and the Kert in

eastern Morocco, still suffering

from a summer-long drought.

The effects of the first anti-

through "nois" are described as

"limited".

He is a hereditary nobleman who includes heredi-

man among the many things

he distrusts. He was sent

to prison for defaming the

allies of King George V.

He received the Order of

Merit from King George V's

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and obscene." He received the

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sented human wisdom in

its luminous serenity and

has been married four

times.

LORD RUSSELL TILTS AT MAN'S MORALS

But he has a recipe to make the world happy—by A.D. 2954

HUMAN SOCIETY IN ETHICS AND POLITICS. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 15s. 239 pages.

FOR the best part of 60 years Bertrand Arthur William Russell, like a genial but pessimistic schoolmaster, has been brandishing his cane near the coat-tails of mankind.

How foolishly it was behaving, obeying impulses rather than reason, clinging to obsolete myths instead of following the guidance of clear-eyed self-interest. If it did not mend its ways, its fate would be dire indeed.

In his mission, Russell has had as little success as might have been expected and has suffered some ups and downs of fortune. He is a hereditary nobleman who includes hereditary among the many things he distrusts. He was sent to prison for defaming the allies of King George V. He received the Order of Merit from King George V's son. He was deprived of a professorship in New York for a book regarded as "lecherous, lewd, lascivious and obscene." He received the Nobel Prize in Stockholm where a more favourable opinion of his writing prevailed. He has represented human wisdom in its luminous serenity and has been married four times.

Even within the same creed, wide divergences of view may be found. Protestant countries condemn cruelty to animals while Pope Pius IX forbade the formation of a branch of the SPCA in Rome, regarding it as heretical.

A crank

Where, then, can firm moral foundations be found? The question is all the harder to answer since Russell rejects Divine authority, is dissatisfied

with conscience and thinks that "sin" is a fallacious concept. Nor is reason all that it was once cracked up to be. He quotes with approval the philosopher Hume, "Reason is and ought to be only the slave of the passions." This is all very well, provided it is a slave to the right sort of passion.

It's shaky

But the passions important in politics, as disclosed by Russell, prove to be an unattractive group: acquisitiveness; rivalry; vanity; above all, the love of power which may be open, as with Napoleon, or secret, as with Baron Holstein, or hidden. In a slue refused to appear at court on the ground that he had no court dress and guided the Kaiser's foreign policy for 10 years by blackmailing his Chancellor.

At the mercy of such impulses, humanity seems to have little reason for confidence in its future. What then is Russell's recipe for survival? It is an exhortation rather than a hope: If only people will be more tolerant, if only fanaticism (now growing) will abate, if only each nation will decide to put its own happiness before the misery of others then we may survive. And, in the next 1,000 years, a happier state of affairs may emerge.

It is a rather shaky hope but "beyond all reason," Russell clings to it in the last sentence of a book which may stimulate and annoy but is not intended to comfort those fated to live some time in Russia and for the second in Canada. The Amish (a religious sect in Pennsylvania) are filled with a moral abhorrence of buttons. Migrants will not eat pork; Hindus beef; Manicheans would tolerate only fish among animal foods. Each defends its diet on grounds of high moral principle.

RESUMING his exploration of the glossier ranges of espionage, Fleming makes with expertise a new cocktail compounded of sex, cruelty, danger and secret service know-how.

His James Bond (007 in the appropriate office in London) is sent by his chief, the myrmecous "M" to America. There he has the misfortune to be pitted against "Mr Big," a Haitian whose role in the history of Negro emancipation is (to quote his own words) to be the first of the great Negro criminals. Mr. Big is also supreme head of the Voodoo cult and a hugely respected operative of the Russian spy ring.

In combating this unarmable personality Bond at one moment enjoys the height of luxury in fabulous hotels, at the next suffers extreme bodily discomfort from the more ingenious lieutenants of Mr. Big. His acute, if impersonal, interest in women (which never interferes with his official duties) centres upon a beautiful Creole, whose approach to the life of the emotions is in broad accord with Bond's.

In the end, it is a near thing whether Mr. Big will be blown up or Bond will be eaten alive by sharks. Bond survives to enjoy with a good conscience and the blessing of "M" the company of his lady love.

Tense; ice-cold; sophisticated; Peter Cheyney, for the carriage trade.

LIBRARY LIST

• THE CUT OF THE AXE. By Delmar Jackson. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d. 280 pages. Crime and punishment in a small, corrupt American town. After the rape and murder of a worthless young woman, two innocent vagrants are arrested and "interrogated." It seems certain they will be legally murdered or lynched, victims of the dishonest political web in which the town is caught. But, for bad reasons as well as good, events take a different turn. Unpleasant, violent, gripping story, away out of the ordinary for dramatic quality.

• THE FOUR CONTINENTS. By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. £2. 25s. 228 pages. In a book constructed with convoluted grace, Sitwell discourses on the wonders of the world as seen during 40 years of travel. He talks of old masters and modern magicians, of American circuses and Italian cities; spins a little fantasy on Hitler's return. Above all, recalls how the hand of his father, Sir George, was sought in marriage by a lady reputed "the wickedest woman in Europe." How this latter was "eaten and devoured," how Sitwell came upon his father's correspondence with the lady (written in code), and how he eventually recovered the manuscript.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Sleeping On The Porch

BY HARRY WEINERT



Indians Should Win The Third Division Title This Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

Indian Recreation Club, who are practically assured of the Second Division Lawn Bowls League title, will have an excellent opportunity of bringing off the double when they clash with the Filipino Club in their final Third Division match this afternoon.

A 4-1 victory over USRC by the Indians during the week has put them 1½ points ahead of the Filipinos and with this lead they have only to stop their rivals from scoring a 4-1 win to annex the Third Division title.

The Filipino wood-pushers' Ladies' League and the International Fairs. There has been extensive enthusiasm among the ladies during the past weeks and already quite a number of them are practising hard to earn a place in Hongkong's next Empire Games lawn bowls contingent.

The Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association has taken the commendable step of taking over the running of the Ladies' League, but it was surprising that no word of thanks to the Kowloon Cricket Club, who did excellent work in initiating this League, was reported. The KCC certainly deserved a pat on the back.

Only two First Division matches are scheduled for this afternoon. The KDC-Police match at Hung Hom will be mainly a social affair as the Deckmen are well stuck already in the rut of relegation.

MORE INTERESTING

The other match between KBCG and Craggowers at Austin Road will be a more interesting affair. Both Clubs are putting up their best teams, and special interest will be focussed on the KBCG rink of F. Francis, F. Howorth, M. E. Purvis and A. Harvey who are already in the final of the Colony Open Rinks competition.

This should be further heightened if Harvey's rink is drawn against that of J. S. Landolt who is well in the running for the top position in the League table.

Although the official bowls season will be over very soon with the play-off of all the finals of the open events, there will probably be a good extended period this year, with the welcome introduction of the

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

KBGC v. CCC.
KDC v. PRC.

Second Division

KBGC v. IRC.

Third Division

IRC v. FRC.
USRC v. HKFO.

A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE GAME ASKS WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR LOCAL TENNIS? — OR WHAT'S RIGHT WITH IT?

What's wrong with our local tennis? Or should the question be, what's right with it?

During the last two weeks we have seen the entry lists for the Colony Ladies' Singles and Doubles and the Mixed Doubles fined down to the semi-finals in all cases and to the final pair in the Singles and the writer now proceeds to lay himself open to the risk of assault and battery by saying that it is doubtful if there is more than one player under the age of thirty left in the tournament.

It's a solemn thought that Maureen Connolly captured all the leading singles titles in America and Europe when she was just over half that age and that she was, even before her recent injury, considering retirement to rest on her laurels and get married at the ripe old age of twenty, or is it nineteen?

Head and Rosewall of Australia have been described as burned out before they reached the age of being told their own front door key and between them they also have in the past few years captured practically every title worth having.

Where, then, are our Champions of tomorrow? Who is looking after them and bringing them on? And if they are not being brought on properly what is the HKLTA doing about it?

Can anybody imagine what would be the situation if the HKLTA arranged one of these Exhibition matches which they do when one of the various groups of world class players pass through on their way from one tournament to another, and the Ips, Tsai, and K.C. Dao were not available?

Awkward questions are all very well and anybody can ask them, but what about a few sensible answers to them? Would it not be possible for the HKLTA to arrange some overall coaching scheme for promising young players, not so much in stroke production, but in court craft?

The strokes could and should be taught in the Clubs and, in many cases are being taught now but, as we have so often seen in the current Championships it is the picking of the time to use them that is faulty in many of our Juniors.

There is no useful purpose served by a youngster trying to outlast, for example, V.T. Wong in baseline rallies he can do that until the cows come home.

Promising players could have been spotted at the right age and might by now have been placed under the wing of some really experienced player or players so that they could be brought on now instead of having to learn the hard and wrong way by entering tournaments and being a sort of chipping block for the current champions until such time as the latter get to an age where they can no longer wield the axe.

MUST BE FORTIFIED

If our standard of tennis would have to be on week-end affairs as there would not be time for them in an evening but, if the primary object of League tennis is social, surely it is better to have a leisurely afternoon in which to get to know people, with a match before, and a match after, a pleasant communal tea party. (Or something else if you wish for a stronger drink before entering into a mixed doubles battle) than to have to fit in three unrelaxed sets, in none of which you get into your stride, between leaving the office, where something has inevitably delayed you just when he had it all lined up, and the next social engagement to which I'm terribly sorry old boy know what to do with these official cocktail parties you know!"

Another idea that has been put forward is that of graded annual open tournaments sponsored by the various leading clubs, the suggestion being that, for example, Club Z should run a Men's A Open Tournament for singles and doubles, Club Y a Ladies' A Open event, Club X a Mixed A event and so on down the scale. Then when a player got to the last four in a grade C tournament he was entitled to enter and must enter, if at all, a grade B tournament the next year.

This idea has many points to commend it and we hope, thinking of one possible snag that it would not be necessary to brand any players so that there could be no mistaking them for Grade B when they were established Grade A!

There is also the problem of how do we do the original grading.

TAKE TOO LONG

One other criticism that has been levelled at our tennis organisation is that our local Championships take too long because no players play more than one set per day. This should not really be necessary and it might help to stir up interest if they could be more concentrated.

It might also bring us one or two entries from abroad if the event could be pressed through a bit more quickly.

We understand that in the Malayan Mixed Doubles Championships won incidentally, by Mrs Adi Tumipuri, formerly of Hongkong, who had Nelly Fraser as her partner, players were expected to play in six sets each day, say three matches a day at 10 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4 p.m.

If people can do that in Malayan heat surely it should be possible in Hongkong where we get a decent winter. How about trying it out with the Men's Singles and Doubles Championships over a long week-end?

Well there are some ideas—Is anybody going to do anything about it, or are we going to wait until our present champions have to be wheeled to second team away and vice-versa on the same day, there.



IT'S THE BIT OF IRISH IN THEM

Like many another great fighter, James J. Braddock was intensely proud of his Irish blood. Here, in the second article of this series ALAN HOBY tells of the fight with Joe Louis that cost Braddock the world title.

Battling Cinderella Lost His Title To A Brown Fury

Fifty thousand people are packed into Comiskey Park, Chicago. Round the stadium more than 1,000 police stand on guard manning high-pressure hoses. Hundreds more patrol the side streets.

For tonight—June 22, 1937—James J. Braddock, idol of all Irish-Americans, is fighting Joe Louis, a young Negro from Detroit, for the Heavyweight Championship of the World—and the authorities fear race riots.

Not only is Comiskey Baseball Park in the centre of one of the most thickly-populated coloured districts of the States, but Louis is an overwhelming favourite. If he beats Braddock, the Champion, he will be the first coloured heavyweight to hold the crown since Jack Johnson.

Into this explosive atmosphere steps Braddock, boxing's "Cinderella man," to defend the title which he won barely two years before from Max Baer in the biggest fight upset of the decade.

There is a stirring and rustling

as Braddock, who is eight years

Louis's senior, strides across the ring.

Admittedly this could be done

so as to ensure that the second

team won its particular league

but the demolition meant that

the first team took a bigger

heavy whipping than it might otherwise have done and it must be

done to make elaborate rules

guarding against Club "X"

doing a fiddle and demoting one

of its first team players to play

in a lower team in a match they

particularly wanted to win.

Admittedly this could be done

so as to ensure that the second

team won its particular league

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the first team took a bigger

heavy whipping than it might otherwise have done and it must be

done to make elaborate rules

guarding against Club "X"

doing a fiddle and demoting one

of its first team players to play

in a lower team in a match they

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Admittedly this could be done

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FIRST INSIDE THE PLASTIC-COVERED NET



A shot by Slater, Wolverhampton Wanderers' right-half, eludes Charlton Athletic goalkeeper Sam Bartram (seen diving behind post) and scores Wolves' first goal in the First Division match at the Valley. It was also the first goal scored in Charlton's new white plastic-covered goal nets.

Bartram's first comment on the white nets earlier in the week was: "I do not like them. They draw attention to the goal, which is not good for goalkeepers. But it is the same for both sides, I suppose."—Reuterphoto.

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Against These Batsmen
Bowling Is Hard Work

Many times I have been asked what it is like to bowl against the great batsmen of the world—men like Sir Donald Bradman, Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Frankie Worrell, Everton Weekes, Vinoo Mankad, Bert Sutcliffe and Dudley Nourse. In two words the answer is: "It's hard work."

And when the pitch favours the batsman it becomes something of a nightmare. Even the best bowlers the world has produced (the Lindwalls and O'Reillys) cannot hope for much once the master batsman is set and seeing the ball well on its true pitch.

A great batsman will hit anything not of perfect length and direction and generally his timing is so perfect and his placing of the ball so exact that he can defeat the most carefully set field.

I played against Bradman when he was approaching the end of his amazing career but even then it was well-nigh impossible to bowl a good length to him. I cannot recall any opponent scoring so many balls and when he was batting the scoring rate never slackened. He tried to get off the mark quickly with a single and soon I would notice his score was around ten. The next time I would look and see forty against his name! It was uncanny.

FA SECRETARY'S
TIPS TO YOUNG
FOOTBALLERS

Sir Stanley Rous, popular England Football Association Secretary, gives some useful advice to young footballers in a handbook published this month. His tips:

(1) Make yourself master of the ball—be able to do what you will with it.

(2) Learn to kick with both feet, to trap the ball in as many different ways as possible and to shoot straight and true.

(3) See that you are fit enough to keep running throughout the whole game with speed and determination. — (London Express Service.)

What made Bradman a genius was not only the number of runs he scored but the fast time in which he made them. So often in his heyday he gave the Australian bowlers runs and time to play with.

Even in 1948 Bradman could play havoc with first-class bowling.

SUCCESSIVE BOUNDARIES

Against Essex at Southend the day the Australians scored 721—the highest total in one day's cricket—Bradman hit three successive boundaries from the leg-break bowling of Peter Smith, an England cap. Smith asked Tom Pearce, his captain, if he could move a man from the leg side to fill the gap in the covers. Bradman turned to Frank Vigar, Essex wicket-keeper, and said: "This means I shall have to hit the rest of the over to the leg-side." And so he did! How can a captain set a field for such a man?

To bowl a maiden to Don was a major accomplishment. Much the same could be said about Denis Compton in his prime. His great year was 1947 and I remember Surrey's fast bowler Alf Gover trying to curb Denis when Middlesex wanted runs quickly. Five times in one over Denis ran down the pitch and belted Alf to the boundary.

Poor Alf decided to drop an extra fast ball outside the off stump. As usual Denis advanced down the pitch and finding his originally intended drive impossible, stopped and cut the ball late for a perfect boundary. It was breathtaking.

Yea, it's hard work bowling against giants like these!

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . .



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

IN SEVEN MORE DAYS THE
NEW SOCCER SEASON
WILL BE UNDER WAY

By I. M. MacTAVISH

In seven more days the mighty whistle will blow and a new football season will be underway. Already the air in Hongkong's soccer alley is strong with the smell of dubbin, embrocation, and the perspiration of players striving for that illusive fitness that the great game of football demands.

Many of the clubs are making frantic efforts to be in the best possible position to ensure a successful season. The annual 'All-in' . . . "stop-at-nothing" . . . tussle for top-line talent is, of course, in full swing. This year it has been carried out to the accompaniment of violent attack and counter-attack in the Chinese press and, having studied a comprehensive collection of cartoons and interpretations of articles on the subject, I cannot help but come in whole-hearted support of those who are asking the Hongkong Football Association to investigate the situation.

In the covering letter which came to me with the collection of cartoons the writer made the remark that tragedy and comedy are often very close together, and I have to admit that to the background to this subject was not so tragic in a sporting sense that some of the cartoons could certainly be regarded as very funny indeed.

and I quote a complete item which appears on Page 17: "DECISION OF THE 24th JANUARY, 1954.

When the referee awards an indirect free-kick he shall do so by raising his right arm: this signal shall precede the blowing of his whistle; no signal being required in case of a direct free-kick."

This is, I believe, a most sensible instruction and one which will prevent many of the bouts of confusion and uncertainty that have previously arisen when an indirect free-kick has been awarded.

If experience has shown that the alleged unusual battle for star players cannot be stopped under the present legislation then surely it would be better to consider alternative ways and means of bringing it within controlled limits rather than hold a book of regulations in one hand, do a 'Nelson' act of investigation with a telescope in the other, and declare 'I see no slips' . . .

It is an old and wise saying that where there's smoke there's fire . . . and of course where there is fire one calls out the brigade . . . In this case the local association is the brigade. The alarm is sounding loudly . . . It may be false, it may be true . . . the only way to check up is to have a thorough on-the-spot investigation without delay.

SENSIBLE INSTRUCTION

Regular readers of this column will recall an article I wrote on February 6 of this year and which appeared under the heading 'Should a Referee Tell...'. This contribution dealt with the position on the field when the referee awarded an indirect free kick.

The incident under comment arose in the Hongkong-Kooge Boldklub series when Lee Talal took an indirect free-kick and tried to score direct as he was not aware of the nature of the award.

At the time I said that, if only to prevent confusion, the referee should give some indication of the nature of the decision he was making. The referee in that particular game countered that suggestion with the remark 'Why should I tell the players . . . if they really knew the rule they would understand the award.'

In view of this incident I have read with particular interest a most imposing and instructive document issued by the Fédération Internationale de Football Association. The publication is titled 'Compilation of Decisions of the International FA Board and Interpretations given by the Referees' Committee of FIFA.'

This little book is a storehouse of valuable information another or by a representative side; only five per cent believed that Arsenal should go, strengthened by guest players.

Should some other club go? Should Arsenal include guest players from other British clubs?

In his reply, Mr J. Haines of London, wrote: "As an anti-Arsenal fan of many seasons' standing, sad experience has taught me that if there is one team who can rise—drat 'em—to a special occasion, it is the Gunners."

Commented Mr. F. Jarvis, North London: "Arsenal should go, and without substitutes. In May, I saw their (probable) opponents, Dynamo, play Spartak in Moscow, at the beginning of the Russian football season. Arsenal just could not be that bad. They served up Third Division stuff; and I doubt if they can yet match Arsenal's shaky start-of-season standard."

Given the opposite view, an Eastbourne reader declared: "The team that goes must be the strongest League team that we can send. The prestige of English football must be regained if possible, and to suffer defeat now would do more harm than good."

Anthony Gordon summed up the feelings of many with the words: "Of course Arsenal must go, and without any guest-players." Answered Tom Whitehead: "I think it's a mistake to let the team go. If we don't go, we'll be beaten, but if we do go, we'll be beaten."

Giving the opposite view, an Eastbourne reader declared: "The team that goes must be the strongest League team that we can send. The prestige of English football must be regained if possible, and to suffer defeat now would do more harm than good."

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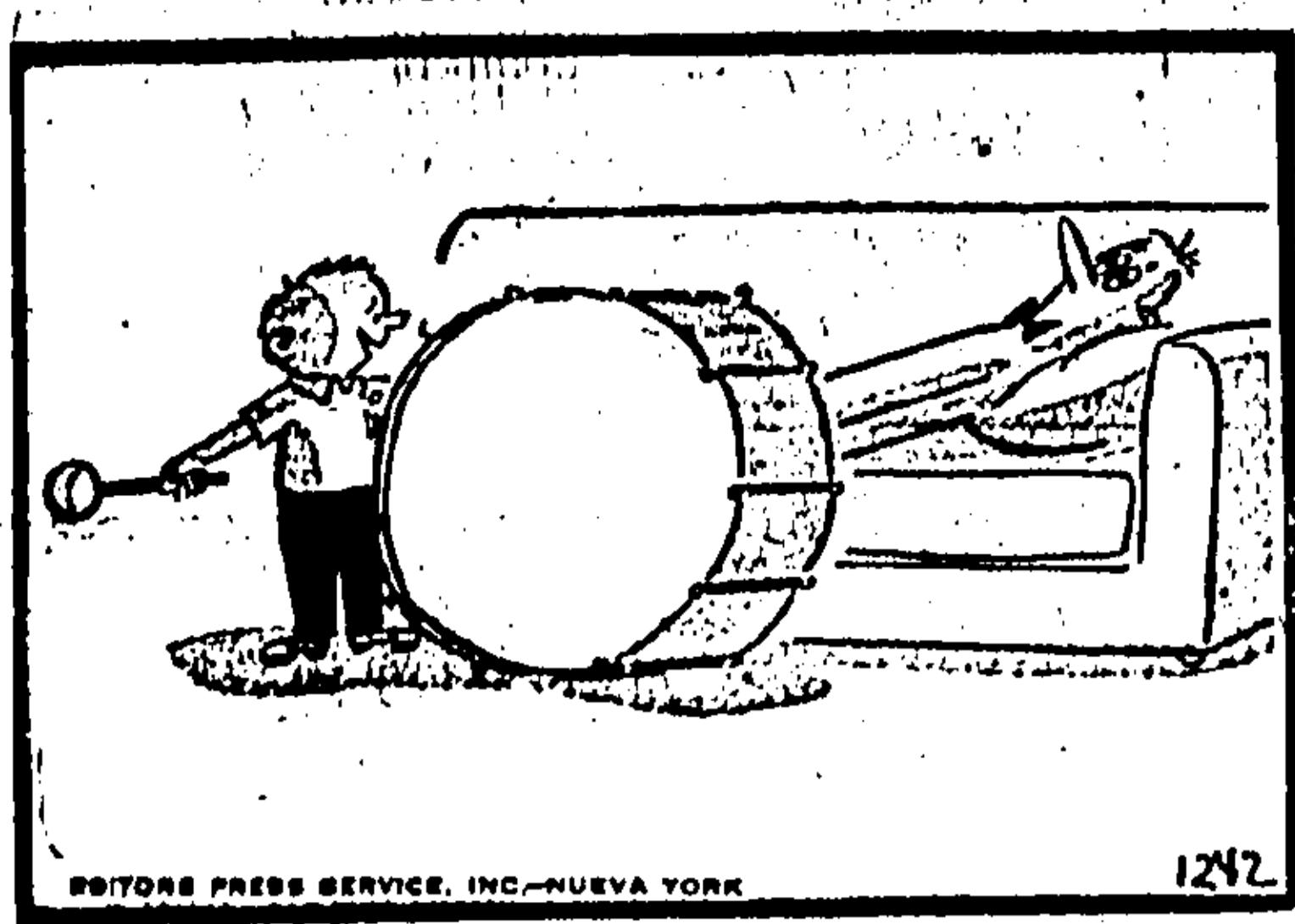
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".....and then comes my solo part!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

BORN today, you are essentially an independent soul but, while you cannot be driven against your will, you can be easily influenced by someone you admire or love. You are an optimist and no matter how rugged the going may be, you are always sure that tomorrow will be better! You are, however, temperamental and moody at times and need to guard against letting self-pity consume you when in one of your low moods. You will discover that often health has a great deal to do with these moods—and keeping a robust constitution will go a long way toward erasing them from your life.

Your life is not apt to be an easy one, but the stars have given you sufficient talent for you to be able to make a living at any number of things. You may never be rich—but neither will you starve. Your versatility will always get you a job. If you are to become outstanding, you must learn to concentrate on some one thing and stick to it. You do have a stubborn streak in your nature and, once you get set on something, you are "set."

Your emotional nature is deep, but you are inclined not to display your true feelings except to those who are very close to you. With the selection of a sympathetic and understanding mate, your marriage can be an especially happy one. You may not wed until rather late in life, for your ideals in matrimony are high—and not very realistic.

Among those born on this date are: Samuel Johnson and John T. Trowbridge, authors; Henry Clay Ide, jurist; and Greta Garbo, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — **PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — Take care of your health. It is This may be a really inspirational time, but don't lose your energies. You will need ideas arrogantly on others. Be diplomatic.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — **ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) — Don't try to do too much today. Some rest and relaxation are called for now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Relaxation and recreation, out of doors if possible, should be your objective.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — Not one of your best days. Guard against an accident, especially if driving in heavy traffic.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — An unexpected setback in your ambition can be combated if only you are forewarned! Be on guard.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) — Don't plan too much activity for today. It would be wiser to get some much-needed rest.

BORN today, you have a good head for business and would probably succeed if you had your own retail store. You are not the type to like working for others and you should get out on your own at the earliest possible opportunity. You are one who could start on the proverbial shoestring and make a fortune. You are fond of the theatre and might be a director or producer. The films, radio or television might also offer you a career opportunity, for you will be happiest if your business has an element of the artistic in it.

Since your ambitions are high, and your willingness and ability to work hard is unlimited, you should go far. You have the ability, also, to get people to work with and for you. You supply the plan—others do the work. This is as you wish, for you are by nature an executive and, while you know how to do the detail work, you do not enjoy it. You expect those who work with you to labour as hard as you do. But when it is time to pass around the dividends, you always see that everyone has a commensurate reward!

Attractive to members of the opposite sex, you will likely have more than one opportunity to wed. Select someone who concurs in your ambitions and you will make an unusually effective team.

Among those born on this date are: William B. Astor, financier; Louis Vance, author; Andrew Pickens, general in the American Revolution; and John S. Crosby, early Montana Governor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — **PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — Most of the stars are smiling, but you must be careful not to lose your temper over some minor detail.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — Business matters are fine. Just keep smiling and take a positive attitude, no matter what happens.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) — Worry won't help, even if things appear a little mixed up. Take things calmly, one by one, in your capabilities.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — Anticipate something especially pleasant today. A surprise may receive a proposal that brings you love.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — Break away any obstacle, with care. In fact, you may not even recognize it as a handicap if you worked out minor difficulties of execution. Will all go well?

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) — All would be fine on Monday. Your energies and determination will be your most important things. Get an early start for the best results.

CROSS WORD

Across	1. Paint a Morgan 2. We make these 3. Green and com- 4. This way, please. 5. A spot of it is a little trouble. (6)
Down	6. Force. (6) 7. Learner loses a pound and makes one pound. (8)
8. Abel's brother makes the most of his time. (6)	9. The animals went in this way. (3, 2)
10. Do you become one by talking folly? (7, 9)	11. Road one often walks. (8)
12. Out. (3, 2)	13. Things often undergo a good pasting here. (6)
14. He makes the decidedly slow (7, 7)	15. Saturday's solution.

The "piropo" covers a multitude of meanings—from "How smart!" to "Daughter of my life!" But when there's no "piropo" at all...

THE SEÑORITA IS SO SORRY

By JOHN CULMER

I MUST tell you about the piropos, the traditional compliments which Spanish men offer to pretty women in well-cut linen suits, dignified middle-aged couples, and the inevitable sprinkling of tall, stately matrons.

They are as much a part of life in Spain as bull-fights and lotteries, and have come down the centuries as one of the many ways in which Spaniards express a surreptitious greeting as he met and passed a group of girls.

I had heard and read about piropos, but it was my friend Don Bernardo Francisco Martin who really explained them to me.

We are sitting, as we often do, at a cafe table under the trees in the long, wide, grass-bordered Paseo de la Castellana, which is one of the pleasantest places in Madrid to while away an hour or two before dinner.

We were watching the evening strollers as they passed up and down the long *avenida* — groups of

These piropos, as we call them, are offered, as you see, to strangers," he said, "and a young woman who walks the length of this street without receiving at least one complimentary comment on her appearance will have good cause to feel sorry for herself."

"The piropo is one of the gallant and effective ways we have of offering a woman worshipful admiration. Although directed to a particular woman at a particular moment, it enshrines something of the quality of a rite which a Spaniard finds with every woman."

The piropo may range all the way from a simple, ejaculatory "Que guapa!" (meaning merely "How smart!") to much more elaborate, poetically phrased compliments devised to suit a particular woman and praising in detail the special qualities which have attracted her admirer's attention.

"Hold 'Em Joe" was, even though a good one, just another calypso, but "Mark Twain" was a new experience for theatre goers. It was a folk song about the great Mississippi River and how an expression came to be. Belafonte wrote the song.

Fans of Joe (Fingers) Carr will find his latest Capitol LP, "Fireman's Ball," possibly the hottest he has recorded to date. Carr's nimble fingers play fire-truck pieces broken on such standards as "Red Wing," "Johnson Rag," "Goofus" and "I Ain't Got Nobody."

Ray Anthony wraps up the current favourites in a single LP package for Capitol, "TV's Top Tunca." Among them are "Young At Heart," "Wanted" and "Hernando's Hideaway," which Anthony keeps fresh as the newer songs.

Latin Tunes

RCA-Victor's "Dinner in Rio" is an exceptional Latin American collection that focuses attention on an outstanding Brazilian orchestra leader, Faria Lemos. There are a few familiar numbers such as the inevitable "Brazil," but the Latinophile will prefer the more obscure but equally exciting numbers such as "Nos Tres" and "Paraiso."

In the more commercialized field of Latin American rhythms, Rene Touzet's (M-G-M) recordings of "Queen Berta" and "Pecos City Mambo" will satisfy the mambo fan.

Larry Alpert and the Erie Yacht Players give their version of the origin of the Jewish delicacy, gefilte fish, in the Mercury single, "From the Sea Came the Fish." New York apartment dwellers will chuckle over the tenant's verbal duel with the superintendent on the flipover "Apartment House."

Don Bernardo is an enthusiast, and as he spoke he instinctively raised his glass and drank a silent toast to a dark-eyed senior who was passing our table.

DART WORDS



1. The word may be an anagram of the word *the*.
2. It may be a synonym of the word *that*.
3. It may be round, adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
5. It may be associated with the preceding word as a name of a well-known person, place, or thing.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a sense of a whole or a whole part.

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Between the "Hija do mi vida" ("Daughter of my life") which, by Spanish standards, says virtually nothing, to much more personally detailed compliments, there is an infinity of variations in which a Spaniard may express admiration and homage.

All these phrases contain, Don Bernardo continued, "more in their manner" of expressing than in the words themselves. A whole world of delicate complimentary insinuation and flattery, a deep well of admiring sentiment!

Don Bernardo is an enthusiast, and as he spoke he instinctively raised his glass and drank a silent toast to a dark-eyed senior who was passing our table.

THREE

SALESMEN



